

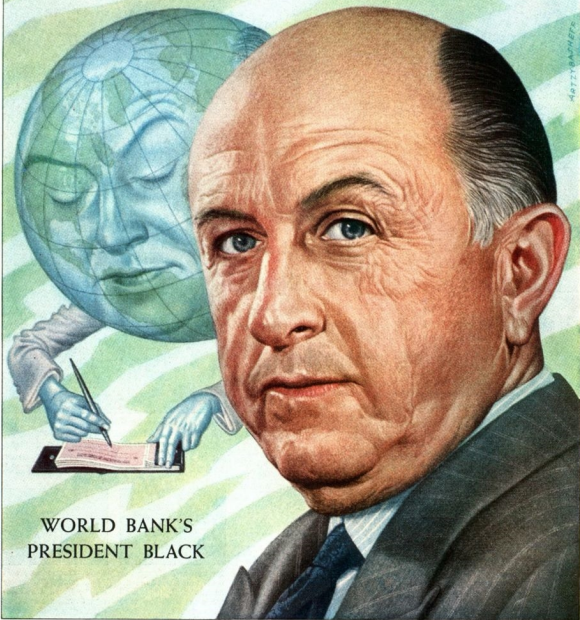
TWENTY CENTS

JUNE 25, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

MATTHEW BATHURST



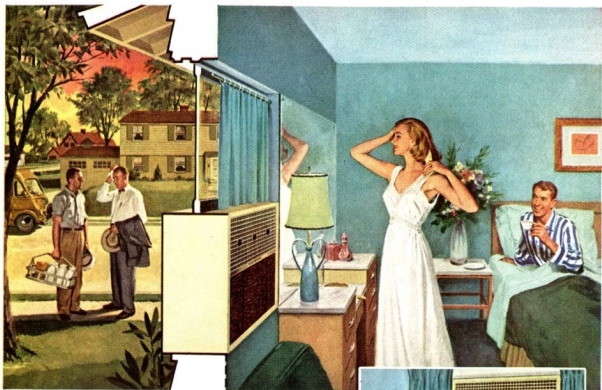
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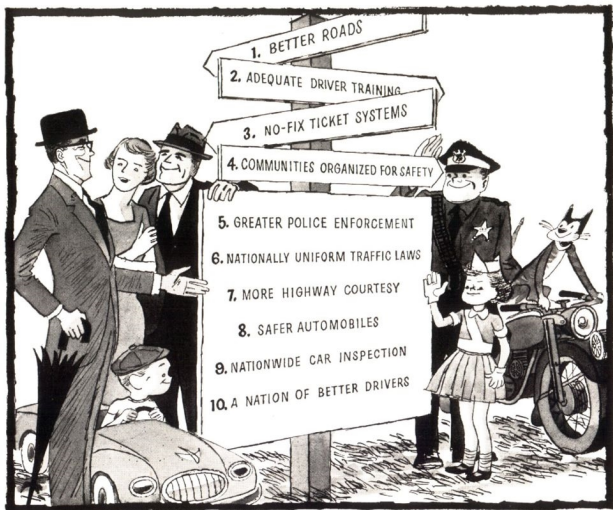


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LETTERS

The Intellectuals

Sir: It was reassuring to see that you gave Jacques Barzun equal cover status with Marilyn Monroe. Intellectuals need not turn to across the Atlantic for stimulation and enrichment, for there is a whole world here. Your "thumbs in the suspenders" attitude is exactly what the rest of the world so vehemently resents in us Americans.

BERENICE COHEN

The Bronx

Sir: "Parnassus, Coast to Coast" could have read "Parnassus v. Dan & Bradstreet, Coast to Coast." Mindful of the decadence of a Europe and Asia which worshipped intellectuals and of the progress of an America which ignored them (though using some of their ideas), Mr. Average American would rather be a prosperous pragmatist than an impoverished pundit.

LAWRENCE MEEHAN

Kearny, N.J.

Sir: Your essay on the plight of the intellectual was a brilliant job. However, the more accurate statement of his dilemma is summarized in your Art section. When the vice chairman of Houston's Bank of the Southwest gave as his reason for rejecting William Zorach's sculpture that "the bank looks mighty pretty just plain," he summarized the attitude of millions of other Americans toward culture and the arts.

DAVID ANTMAN

New York City

Sir: You forget the unhappy plight of the intellectual American Woman. She who delights in thought and its communication and longs to take part in this great American Dream has no place. As a woman, she is shunned by the American man ("Something's wrong with her, she thinks too much?"). In order to extend her life, she has to wait for the European or European-educated man to come and dig her out. (Alas, he may never.) With only narrow channels for her broad, enquiring mind and practically no one to talk to—even intellectual men assume one cannot find a brain in combination with a low *décolletage*—she gradually loses her objectivity, gives up and retreats into quiet reflection and neurotic loneliness.

TERRY ROBERTS

New York City

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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Sir:

Bravo for TIME's eminently just and fitting observations on intellectualism in the U.S., and for giving J. Robert Oppenheimer the place he deserves. Both right-wing and left-wing intellectualism are necessary for maintaining political balance.

WALTER GERSTEL

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir:

To the Parisian, the names Malraux, Sartre, Camus bring instant recognition and respect; Barzun's apologia notwithstanding, intellectual influence here is clearly not comparable.

ANDREW S. KENDE

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Your photographs of the intellectuals of today look remarkably alike—peering, wondering, baffled, scared.

ZEKE BECKETT

Berkeley, Calif.

Missing Man

Sir:

In your June 4 article on the vanishing Jesús de Galindez, one well understands that Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. is not responsible for the disappearance of Galindez; on the other hand, he does work for Rafael Trujillo. Surely it's common knowledge that Trujillo belongs to the most nightmarish category of dictators that kills, tortures, deceives and terrorizes. Mr. Roosevelt Jr. gets \$30,000 a year for recommending Trujillo to us. May I ask whether anyone is reminded of 30 pieces of silver?

Barcelona

JOHN COLEMAN

Sir:

Franklin D. Roosevelt is still very much an idol for millions of Latin Americans. Of course, young Roosevelt has to make a living, so I guess that is the reason he has not spoken out very strongly against the Trujillo regime.

JAMES C. PARISH JR.

Editor

Central America and Mexico
Houston

Hurricane's Wake

Sir:

I have just read "Charlie's Hurricane" in your June 4 issue. Here is one professional you will never see in the AFUS uniform.

Personally, I would rather have a daughter in a house of ill repute than a son in the AFUS.

WILLIAM F. SAUNDERS JR.

Captain, U.S.M.C.

Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps
University Park, Pa.

Sir:

If a superbureau like AFUS is so efficient for the armed forces, why not go a step further and combine the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce, State, Labor, etc. into a single department? This would, of course, leave the President with practically nothing to do as there would be no need for a Cabinet.

CASSTNER W. RAPALEE

Lieutenant Colonel, Air Force Reserve
Geneva, N.Y.

Sir:

Oh no! No AFUS! Pride and tradition are the services' lifeblood—and this would be the death blow to each. The same uniform—bah! The same promotion list—phooey! Would our intrepid young flyers ever consent to this? Would you demolish the Halls of Montezuma? Would you assassinate Benny Havens? Would you desecrate the Navy Blue and Gold? The effectiveness of any armed force lies chiefly in the morale and spirit of its components and not in a cold, efficient, economic steamroller.

E. E. HAZLETT JR.

Captain, U.S.N. (Ret.)

Forest Hills, N.C.

Sir:

With three-quarters of the earth's surface covered by water, with the SAC headed for obsolescence by guided missiles, a single military service would be a naval service using ship and airborne rockets and guided missiles, sea and air launched.

F. P. MITCHELL

Captain, U.S. Navy

Yorktown, Va.

Sir:

AFUS spells a calculated drive for power by air-power extremists and vested interests and is no help to the cause of real service unity or progress.

D. N. McDOWELL

Fredericksburg, Va.

Sir:

The U.S. Armed Forces could take an example from Great Britain. In that country, each service realizes that the other is important, but the Army and the Navy both frankly and sensibly admit that the Air Force is more important than either of them.

T. FRISCH

Montreal

Sir:

You failed in your well-reported article to mention one important, proved truth: wars are won by the bloody method of taking and holding ground. Bombing cities for us to rebuild and slaughtering enemy civilians to

Who ran a tavern near West Point in the 1870s and was, according to Cadet Edgar Allan Poe, the "only soul in the entire Godforsaken place." Mellowed by Havens' hot ale flips, caddis used to sing (to the tune of *The Wearing of the Green*) their unofficial West Point song:

Come fill your glasses, fellows, and stand
up in a row,
To singing sentimentally we're going for
to go,
In the army there's sobriety, promotion's
very slow,
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny
Havens, Oh!

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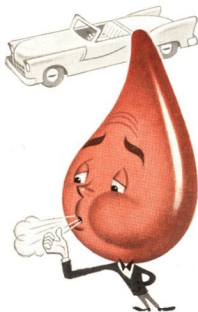
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foster hate does not relieve the infantry of its mission; thousands like myself would turn in our suits if we believed the Air Force, in a quick or long war, could relieve us of the duty of taking 95% of the service casualties as we take the ground.

HUGH G. MARTIN JR.
Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry
Ft. Jackson, S.C.

Steaks from the Sea

Sir:
Biologist Bonner's statement concerning the practicability of domesticating some algae-eating animal (a "sea pig") as a source of meat for the highly populated world of the future (May 28), recalls a description of the manatee, or sea cow, which the Spaniards apparently saw for the first time in the islands of the Caribbean Sea and noted by Francisco López de Gómara in 1552: "The flesh of the manatee tastes more like meat than like fish. When fresh it tastes like veal and when salted, like tunny, but is better and keeps well. The Indians often kill manatees as they pasture along the river banks, and when small they may be taken in nets." The chief drawback encountered in Gómara's all-purpose animal is that it apparently pastured on real grass rather than algae and perhaps, after the novelty wore off, it didn't taste so good either; but "sea pig"? No thanks.

WILLIAM M. RUSSELL

El Paso

Maine in the Abstract

Sir:
After reading your June 4 Publisher's Letter and understanding the good will and importance of William Honnens' color slides because of their accuracy, it grieves me greatly to have the vast number of your readers getting such an impression of the Maine coast as seen by William Kienbusch. I hope your paintings won't change the mind of the tourist who has been planning a Maine trip.

C. H. REED

Unity, Me.

Fair-Play Code

Sir:
Your May 28 story on the signing of the Fair Campaign Practices Code by Len Hall and Paul Butler made sprightly reading, but it ignored some important points. Our code is not designed to turn bigots and demagogues to sweet reasonableness but set up a standard against which to measure them. If politicians want to use the code as a club and beat each other with it, swell.

CHARLES P. TAFT

Cincinnati

Tribute

Sir:
A deep obeisance to you for an outstanding Memorial Day tribute to "The Civil War" (June 4). There are only a few of us left who have not succumbed to that nauseating euphemism, that ill-conceived distortion of recorded history—"The War Between the States."

LEONARD ORMEROD
North Miami Beach, Fla.

Sir:
With your beautiful pictures of Civil War battlefields you also show two maps, one with Arkansas, but not a single pin point to indicate that we were in that war too. Can't we rate at least a pin-point acknowledgment? Pea Ridge opened up the Mississippi River for Shiloh and Vicksburg.

GEORGE H. BENJAMIN
Little Rock, Ark.

Sir:

You are to be commended on your very wonderful article and pictures. Am also happy to note that the American side was depicted and we were not inundated with Confederate propaganda.

W. T. RAWSON

Rochester

The Scope of Orgonomy

Sir:

Concerning your brief June 4 report on the sentencing of Dr. Wilhelm Reich [for violating an injunction by distributing orgone energy boxes]: the agents of the FDA have conspired with others to kill a great discovery. The tremendous scope and accomplishment of orgonomy, in a world in which lifetimes are devoted to the study of an ear or a nose, has in one way been a hindrance to its penetration in society. The ramifications of orgonomy into all branches of science, stemming from the single basic discovery of orgone energy, the erstwhile hypothetical ether which science, for good reason, has never been able to abandon, stagger the average and academic imagination. People cannot readily grasp a science whose track leads from the understanding of neurosis to "Cosmic Orgone Engineering." They become suspicious, get scared off by the magnitude of what confronts them. Yet all of Reich's great findings are factual, demonstrable, irrefutable, as were those of Galileo. How much longer will it be before officials, the press, the public shake off their apathy, accept the largesse of orgonomy, and fight to defend it?

WILLIAM STEIG

Cream Ridge, N.J.

☞ The caption of Cartoonist Steig's own famed version of a man in a box: "People Are No Damn Good."—Ed.

Pam-Pam Pioneers

Sir:

The May 7 Café de la Paix article was very interesting; however, the information respecting the Pam-Pam restaurants is inaccurate. I alone am responsible for the creation of the name, as well as the creation of the Pam-Pam restaurants. I am still sole owner for the rights of the name Pam-Pam.

DAVID PEERY

Mexico City

Tourist Abroad

Sir:

Recommended reading and an excellent traveling companion for those touring Europe: *Years of Trial and Hope* by Harry S. Truman. Preface: "Any schoolboy's afterthought is worth more than the forethought of the greatest statesmen."

WOODROW W. WARD

St. Thomas, Ont.

Sir:

While visiting the Beethoven shrine, the great Paderewski on being asked to play the *Moonlight Sonata* on Beethoven's piano, modestly replied: "I am not worthy to touch it." But "Give 'em Hell" Harry sat right down and played a sonata of Mozart's on Mozart's own piano, right in front of Mozart's portrait. I can imagine the irascible ghost of Wagner muttering "Squirrelhead!"

HENRY CLIVE


Studio City, Calif.

Sir:

If it were not for that squirrel-headed general, Harry would be in *Stogad 17* or better in Yakutsk digging for iron.

RURIK HALABY

Brummana, Lebanon

An illustration of a shark swimming in the upper left, and a diver in the lower left. The diver is wearing a helmet and a tank, and is holding a long, thin object, possibly a spear or a tool. The background is a deep sea environment with some coral or rock formations.

What you can learn from the deep sea diver about high blood pressure...

Though deep sea diving is hazardous, divers can work for years without serious mishaps. They do so by avoiding troublesome situations... and by taking other safety precautions. For instance, they never work too long at great depths under great pressure.

Anyone with high blood pressure (hypertension) of the moderate, uncomplicated type... should face his situation in much the same way as the deep sea diver does his work.

This is because successful control of this disorder may depend upon knowing what and what not to do. In fact, by avoiding situations and conditions that adversely affect blood pressure, it is often possible to bring an elevated blood pressure down... or keep it from rising to excessively high levels.

What is high blood pressure and what does it do?

When hypertension occurs, the very small terminal portions of the arteries contract. Pressure within these narrowed channels rises... and the heart works harder to force needed amounts of blood through them.

If the blood vessels are strong enough to withstand the extra pressure, harmful effects may not be noticed for many years. The continuous strain, however, may eventually overwork the heart and weaken the blood vessels.

Many helpful and reassuring facts about hypertension are given in Metropolitan's booklet, Your Heart. Use the coupon below for your free copy.

If hypertension develops, then what?

If the disorder is mild and not caused by some underlying disease, the patient can do a great deal to help himself just by taking it easy... emotionally and physically.

Since tension, anxiety and worry are believed to be related to this disorder, it is important to live calmly and to be moderate in eating, working and everything else. One good rule is this: *do everything your doctor permits, but no more.* Following this rule alone often helps patients live long, comfortably and usefully with hypertension.

If more rest and recreation, and avoiding tension and strain, fail to control this disorder... then the doctor may try diet, drugs or surgery.

What about guarding against hypertension?

When hypertension is discovered early, it is usually easier to control.

So, everyone should have periodic health examinations... especially those who are middle-aged and older, are overweight or have a family history of the disorder.

One important safeguard is weight control. For high blood pressure occurs more than twice as often among overweight people as among thinner people.

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TIME, JUNE 25, 1956

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

CORRESPONDENT BOOKMAN AT WORLD BANK



WALTER BENNETT

Dear TIME-Reader:

BEFORE he left for the Middle East, Eugene R. Black, president of the World Bank, was late for a Saturday golfing date in Washington. Apologizing to the other members of his foursome—Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr., Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr. and U.S. Ambassador to Saudi Arabia George Wadsworth—he explained: "I was being interviewed all morning by George Bookman for a TIME cover story."

Black's golfing companions understood. There are few top officials in the Government who do not know Bookman. Our economic correspondent in Washington since 1948, he has a beat that tracks all over the capital. In the past six months, he has supplied a large block of Washington guidance for the Man of the Year cover (Harlow Curtice), most of the material for the Budget Bureau cover (TIME, Jan. 23) and the Secretary of Agriculture Benson cover (TIME, May 7). Bookman also has done a wide range of Washington reporting on many of the Essays that have become a feature of our BUSINESS section.

His series of interviews with Black himself, other officials of the World Bank and Washington financial experts made up the major contribution (augmented by worldwide reports) to this week's cover story, written by Associate Editor George Daniels.

IN Northern Rhodesia, our Johannesburg Correspondent Edward Hughes was heading home last week

after bouncing some 5,000 miles through Mozambique, the Rhodesias and into the Belgian Congo in a battered Mercury. He stopped off in Lusaka (pop. 60,000) to listen to the black natives' saucy radio and visit the unique Central African Broadcasting Station (see RADIO & TV). Then he rolled in a cloud of dust 530 miles along the corrugated dirt track, called the Great North Road, to Chinsali, a district commissioner's headquarters. There he switched to a bicycle and pedaled down a goat path through man-high bushes, infested with mamba snakes, lions and man-eating chiggers, to the mud-and-thatch village where lives the prophetic, Leshina Mulenga (see RELIGION).

Hughes was warmly received until he started taking photographs and giving the tin containers for his tropical film to the black children. Their parents snatched the shining tin away, fearing it was a white-man's charm. An old man thumped Hughes's chest and cried: "You come to pay respects to Leshina, all right. But don't come bring silver magic!"

Back in Lusaka, an astonished official commented on Hughes's three-day, thousand-mile detour: "All that trouble just to talk to a bunch of native crackpots? You must be bloody well 'round the bend, old boy."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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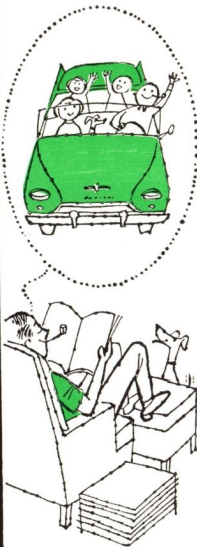
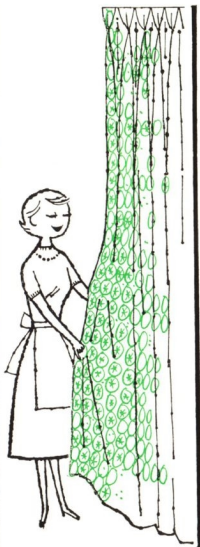
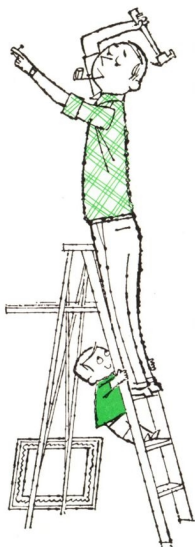
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Rock & the Drift

As old Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany, made his way across the eastern half of the U.S. last week, there was something manifestly rocklike about his manner. It was more than his flinty visage, more than his granitic words of advice (*see below*). In Konrad Adenauer the nation perceived a solid faith that the only way to preserve the West against Communism—smiling or unsmiling—is a steadfast pursuit of the policy of strength. Measured by Adenauer the Rock, it was clear how far the Western allies have drifted since Moscow began its seductive foreign policy aimed at neutralizing Germany and confusing her Western allies.

The London *Observer* this week reflected a line familiar around the British Foreign Office: "In practice . . . we must be prepared to accept an internationally guaranteed status outside NATO for a free, united Germany." After Secretary of State John Foster Dulles called neutralism "obsolete" in his Ames, Iowa speech (*TIME*, June 18), European newspapers and politicians accused Dulles of trying to restore a "tough" foreign policy behind the convalescing President's back. Along Washington's Embassy Row, diplomats were saying that Adenauer is "the last holdout in the cold war."

The U.S. did not need necessarily to accept Adenauer's thesis that there have been no significant changes inside the Soviet Union. But there was no better authority than Adenauer on the role of Germany in the Western world: "A free Germany is an absolute necessity for the integration of a free Europe. A free Europe is absolutely essential for the free U.S.—the fate of Europe is inseparably linked up with the fate of the U.S. You must lead us because you are the strongest, but if we others do not firmly stand together . . . then in the long run we will be defeated."

At week's end the President took fresh bearings on the Rock and messaged West Germany's President Theodor Heuss: "We know that so long as unity in freedom is withheld from the German people . . . there can be no permanent security in Europe." The occasion for the President's cable befitted his theme: it was June 17, 1956, third anniversary of the celebrated day of revolt when East Berlin boys fought Soviet tanks with stones.

THE PRESIDENCY

Say It Is Or Isn't So

To President Eisenhower's bedside one morning last week came the week's most constant caller with the week's most pressing executive business. Businesslike Sherman Adams, pushing a twelve-hour day as White House No. 1 while Ike is away, reviewed the matter quickly. If the U.S.

for feeding, a temperature and pulse only "essentially" normal. By Hagerty's own description the President still "did not feel like doing a jig." Had he actually, they pressed, made the decision himself? Or had he assented meekly to a judgment already made? Said Hagerty: "The President certainly made the decision. He sure did." On Capitol Hill the question was echoed by Congressmen considering what



United Press

DULLES & ADENAUER OUTSIDE WASHINGTON'S WALTER REED HOSPITAL
New bearings from an old landmark.

showed a favorable attitude, said he, invitations to visit Russia would be forthcoming to all Chiefs of Staff, not merely the Air Force's General Nathan Farragut Twining. Two hours later Russia's Colonel Sergei A. Edemsky called at the Pentagon, learned the U.S.'s attitude: such J.C.S. visits are impractical just now; future chances will hinge on Twining's treatment in Russia next week. In any event, the Chiefs would not visit as a group (presumably because the U.S. would never put its four top-ranking military men in Russian hands at one time). So went Dwight Eisenhower's first major decision since he entered Walter Reed Hospital for surgery.

Advised of the presidential ruling by a tired, taut and testy Jim Hagerty, newsmen realized that Ike still had a Levin tube down his throat, a needle in his arm

to do about legislation spelling out the point at which a President should be relieved as incapacitated. (Their decision: do nothing until after November.) Only one question was more gripping at that moment: whether Ike would decide not to run. When neither no nor yes to that one filtered down from Walter Reed's presidential suite last week, the world did its own guessing and grumbling.

Unhealthy Prognosis. In Chicago Democratic Chairman Paul Butler purpled over the unequivocal approval of a re-election campaign given by Ike's surgeon, Major General Leonard D. Heaton, a scant ten hours after the operation (*TIME*, June 18). Butler condemned Republicans for practicing a "new science of politico-medicine." In Chicago Dr. David Allman, who last week was chosen president-elect of the American Medical



PRESS SECRETARY HAGERTY WITH GOLFERS' GET-Well CARD
Anything else to tell us?

Associated Press

Association, burred (without examining any of the subjects) that the President would now be "in better physical condition than any of his opponents—Republican or Democratic—have been at any time in their lives." He got a quick rebuke from the *Milwaukee Journal*, among others, for making "a political mockery of medical science."

New-Dealing Columnist Doris Fleeson fanned up the most smoke by citing a pessimistic section on ileitis from an insurance underwriters' medical handbook ("Recurrence is distressingly high, one in three within two years"), and the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Hagerty refused to be smoked out, glibed, "As far as I know, Miss Fleeson is not a doctor," but later confirmed that recurrence is less common in older patients than in youthful ones. When Columnist Stewart Alsop published word from "the Republican high command" that Ike would reaffirm his candidacy before he left Walter Reed, Hagerty replied heatedly: "If you people for one minute think that I am going to comment every time on what some columnist says, you're nuts."

Healthy Organism. A fresh opinion on the President's health was given by West Germany's Elder Statesman (80) Konrad Adenauer, emerging with Secretary Dulles from a ten-minute call on the President (65). Said Adenauer: "I must say that I would not have thought it possible that a person, so few days after an operation, could look that way, could talk that way and could participate so vividly in the discussions. I have asked the doctor to explain this miracle, and he has told me that it is a healthy organism which offers the best foundation to overcome any obstacle of this kind."

As the week progressed, Ike gave continued evidence of a healthy organism. Away went feeding tube and the unpleasant stomach apparatus. These gone, he slept six hours one night, eight the next. He had not rested so well since entering the hospital. He sipped beef broth, read a newspaper, heard his favorite musical tunes piped in by Washington's station WGMS (Eisenhower requests like *Rhapsody in Blue* and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony were heard as well by subscribers on the capital's GEorgia telephone exchange when excess power on the line into Ike's room carried the melodies into telephone lines). Each day he exercised a little, conferred with members of his staff, Pulse, blood pressure and temperature returned to normal. He ate his first solid food in nine days, four ounces of cereal with milk and sugar. He was delighted to receive a get-well card from the 156 golfers in the National Open tournament at Rochester, asked for a television set and watched the tournament's windup and Cary Middlecoff's victory (see SPORT). He was even more delighted to receive a Father's Day visit from his four grandchildren, and a flower pot filled with ivy and philodendron from each.

Between visits the President remembered to ask Hagerty to send his regards to White House correspondents keeping the long watch downstairs. So moved were the newsmen that they responded with a note expressing pleasure at Ike's rapid progress. Dizzied by the week's hard speculation, they appended a coy and curious plea: "Is there anything else you want to tell us?" Reported Hagerty after presenting the note: "The President laughed."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"Moses, Strong As the Oak"

Konrad Adenauer sat in the aura of prestige in Secretary Dulles' dining room in Washington, straight-backed and sparsely weathered mask of a face transformed by a wintry smile. "Now that Sir Winston Churchill is no longer active," said Dulles as he proposed a glowing toast, "you are the dean of the Western world." Thirty days later the old man sat grave-faced amid a rowdy powwow of the Onondaga Indians in the student union of Wisconsin's Marquette University. "We like you to a Moses leading your people out of the wilderness," the Oneida chief said as he crowned the old man with a warbonnet of bright feathers. "We rejoice our hearts that we heard of your love for mankind, strong as the oak, and your fidelity, unchangeable as truth."

For five hectic and sweltering days last week, West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer toured the U.S. in the sunlight of the warmest welcome the U.S. had ever bestowed upon a leader of the German people. He got honorary doctorates of law from Protestant Yale and Roman Catholic Marquette; he was ushered respectfully into the sickroom of the President—the first distinguished visitor since the operation—he was applauded in the streets of Washington, New Haven, New York, Chicago and Milwaukee. Everywhere Konrad Adenauer bestowed upon his hosts a tried and true, sterling good will, a sage and avuncular counsel.

Historic Tasks. "Mankind is fortunate," he said, "that the people of the United States recognize the historic tasks placed on their shoulders, namely, to be the guardians of freedom in the world. . . . But I should like to say here, in all frankness, that I think the situation is very serious, and that for many years it has not been more difficult than it is now. . . . Germany is immediately and directly in danger, but you are also in danger, my dear friends, over here in the U.S.A."

On that general theme the old man developed his major points as he passed from speech to speech, noting that Russia's "present leaders have struck a fresh note [but] they still seek the domination of the world. . . ."

Principal aim of Soviet foreign policy is "to lull the vigilance of the free world and to weaken its readiness to defend itself. Above all, they want to smash first the mighty, protective shield of NATO and to drive the U.S. from Europe so that Europe will fall like a ripe fruit into the Soviet lap."

Principal ambition of all Soviet rulers is to equal the industrial and armaments potential of the U.S. by "laying their hands on Western Europe, either internally or almost intact, with its industries, excellent human and natural resources."

A dangerous weakness in the American character is impatience. "To the Russians time is not a very important concept. They free nations lose their patience too easily; they want to see success too quickly."

¶ Western Europe's one hope is integration. "I hope all neighbor countries will be aware of the fact that it is necessary, in their own interests, to give up some of their rights."

¶ "The Soviet Union is confronted with serious difficulties . . . If the West stands and remains united . . . then I think [the Russians] will be prepared for reasonable talks . . ."

Significant Boost. Between speeches, Adenauer flew to Washington for a full exchange of views with Secretary Dulles in the map room of the State Department. He came out reassured and relieved that the U.S. still seeks the reunification of Germany within the free world "by means of free elections." Adenauer and Dulles formally agreed: "Until the Soviet government puts an end to the brutal and unnatural division which it has imposed on Germany, it will be difficult to place credence in the promises and pledges of the Soviet government." An aide reflected his chief's delight at this significant boost to Adenauer's prestige at home: "That means that reunification comes first for the U.S. It is by far the strongest position yet taken."

Adenauer also gave the U.S. a warm and revealing glimpse of the humanity that lies behind his implacable face—Adenauer grinning in cap and gown when Yale's President A. Whitney Griswold hammed up his Latin while presenting degrees; Adenauer barnstorming down Chicago's State Street behind a smart-stepping brass band; Adenauer wagging a finger at possible flaws in Washington's National Gallery of Art ("*School of Piero della Francesca, perhaps*"); Adenauer boning up on his personal press notices at 7:30 a.m.; Adenauer falling hours behind schedule as he talked to those he wanted to talk to for as long as he wanted to talk to them.

When the time came for him to fly back to the political roughhousing in Bonn (the Lufthansa Constellation made the trip nonstop from Milwaukee in 13 hours 41 minutes), he got an unforgettable farewell. As his motorcade rolled out to Milwaukee's General Mitchell Field, waiting motorists blasted and blared their horns, while crowds swarmed out of shops and offices and homes to shout and wave goodbye.

Diplomats at Work

In and out of the State Department flowed a torrent of policy decisions and position papers, hopes and trends and agreements, formal notes and informal memoranda—not to mention visiting foreign ministers and ambassadors—all symbolizing the quickening tempo of the cold war. Items of the week:

NATO. Dulles swapped views and ideas with Canada's visiting Secretary for External Affairs Lester Pearson on their joint crusade to build the 15-nation NATO pact into some form of political community (TIME, April 30 *et seq.*). "We are only in the first innings," Pearson emphasized. "Our own views," echoed

Dulles, "are still at a formative and tentative stage." Then Pearson flew to London and Paris to sound out the Europeans.

Tito. Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy called in Yugoslav Ambassador Leo Mates for a 40-minute interview, asked him to find out precisely where Tito stands between the Communists and the West after the raucous reconciliation in the Kremlin.

Cyprus. Dulles fired off a note to Britain urging new negotiations with the Cypriots; the White House meanwhile fielded a note from Prime Minister Eden indicating that Britain, though keen on talks, first wants to crush terrorism. The State Department now notes privately that the current British Laborite attack on Eden's



CANADA'S PEARSON IN WASHINGTON
Ready for another inning?

get-tough policy may help promote the necessary talks; State also believes that talks would be helped along by the return of Cypriot Political Leader Archbishop Makarios from exile. Should this bring about the transfer of Field Marshal Sir John Harding, the island's tough little Governor, State would not object.

The Atom. The U.S. signed a new agreement for the exchange of atomic energy information with Britain, thereby—among other things—cutting two years off the Royal Navy's five-year schedule for building an atomic submarine. The agreement will go into effect within 30 days unless the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy objects.

Red China. Dulles rejected Red China's bid for a foreign ministers' conference, at least until Red China 1) releases eleven Americans held prisoner in its jails, and 2) agrees to make a "meaningful renunciation of force" in the Formosa Strait.

North Africa. Dulles got ready to listen to the well-telegraphed argument of France's visiting Foreign Minister Pineau (see FOREIGN NEWS) that the U.S. ought

to help the French pacify the Algerian nationalists. Deputy Under Secretary Murphy heard out the protests of Syrian Ambassador Farid Zeineddine (speaking for eight Arab nations) that the French army was already using U.S. war matériel against "the national liberation movement," and that NATO was becoming "a direct means to support colonialism." The U.S. subtly indicated its own feelings on North Africa by elevating a new diplomatic mission at Rabat, capital of newly free Morocco, to the status of an embassy.

SUPREME COURT

When a Risk Is Not a Risk

After reports came in that he associated with Communists and attended the meetings of a subversive organization called the Nature Friends of America, gaunt, balding Kendrick M. Cole was unceremoniously suspended from his \$4,950-a-year job as a U.S. food and drug inspector in New York. At first Cole refused to reply to the charges, labeling them as "an invasion of my private rights." He quickly changed his mind, asked for an administrative hearing (which was denied), took his case to the courts, and went to work as a tree surgeon. That was three years ago. Last week, in a 6-to-3 decision that was certain to involve it in even more controversy (see box), the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in Cole's favor, ordered him reinstated with back pay (estimated at nearly \$13,000). In so ruling, the court held that Government employees in "nonsensitive" jobs may not be dismissed as security risks under the basic security risk act of 1950.

"It is difficult," said Justice John Marshall Harlan for the majority, "to justify summary suspensions and unreviewable dismissals on loyalty grounds of employees who are not in 'sensitive' positions and who are thus not situated where they could bring about any discernible adverse effects on the nation's security." Rather, he explained, if the charge is disloyalty in a nonsensitive position, there are orderly procedures for dismissal other than the 1950 act. This reasoning was concurred in by Chief Justice Warren and Justices Douglas, Black, Frankfurter and Burton. It was applauded by such advocates as the American Civil Liberties Union and Washington's ex-Senator Harry Cain, who, as a member of the Subversive Activities Control Board, has become a latter-day civil libertarian. Cain called the Cole case decision "the best American good sense I have heard in a long time."

But the decision came in for stinging criticism from within the ranks of the Supreme Court itself. Justice Tom Clark, joined by Justices Stanley Reed and Sherman Minton in dissent, wrote: "We believe the court's order has stricken down the most effective weapon against subversive activity available to the Government."

Within the week, the Administration moved to follow the court's order. Seventeen Government workers, all of whom

THE SUPREME COURT

Ends a Busy Term, Draws a Heavy Fire

Our judges are not monks or scientists, but participants in the living stream of our national life, steering the law between the dangers of rigidity on the one hand and of formlessness on the other. Our system faces no theoretical dilemma but a single continuous problem: how to apply to ever-changing conditions the never-changing principles of freedom.

—Chief Justice Earl Warren
in *FORTUNE* (1955)

Earl Warren has gained weight since he left California. His hair is whiter, softer and fluffier, and a benign fullness has smoothed from his face all the small pinches of arrogance that led California political rivals to dub him the Earl of Warren. He loves the Supreme Court, presides over its sessions, both public and private, with easy skill. The eight Associate Justices love Warren, and under his influence work together as rarely before. But by last week, when Warren and his colleagues put their robes in mothballs after one of the busiest terms in history, the U.S. Supreme Court was under its heaviest fire in a decade. The charges: that in steering the law between rigidity and formlessness, Chief Justice Earl Warren has plotted a deliberate course to the left, with far more emphasis on ever-changing conditions than on never-changing principles.

A Nagging Sense

Behind much of the criticism lies the resentment of Southern lawyers and laymen over the desegregation decision and the rulings that implemented it. But all the concern is not Southern: many thoughtful observers who are devoutly on the side of desegregation are nagged by a feeling that the decision, as written by Warren, smacked more of a sociological treatise than a legal document. They believe they see the same signs in other principal Supreme Court opinions of the last term. Items:

¶ In tossing out the conviction of Pennsylvania Communist Leader Steve Nelson, the Supreme Court held that the Smith Act of 1940 pre-empted the antiseditious laws passed by the states, and that that was the intent of Congress. But Virginia's Democratic Representative Howard Smith, author of the Smith Act, said flatly that Congress had no intention of writing off the state sedition laws. The

Smith Act comes under Title 18 of the Criminal Code, which also provides that "nothing in this title shall be held to take away or impair the jurisdiction of the courts of the several states under the laws thereof."

¶ The Supreme Court ordered Brooklyn College to reinstate Professor Harry Slochower, who had been a prickly, evasive, smart-aleck witness as he pleaded the Fifth Amendment before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. The court ruling invalidated a New York City charter requirement for automatic dismissal of any city employee taking the Fifth. Justice John Marshall Harlan, dissenting, wrote that the court majority had "unduly circumscribed the power of the state to inquire the qualifications of its teachers."

¶ States' Righters were alarmed and angered by a Supreme Court decision holding that the Railway Labor Act overrode state right-to-work laws in the case of railroad employees.

¶ A Supreme Court majority ruled that Wisconsin had a right to halt a prolonged, violence-ridden strike against the Kohler Co., a plumbing-equipment firm. But Warren, Black and Douglas dissented vigorously. Arguing that the Wisconsin fair labor statute duplicated federal law, Justice Douglas wrote that the overlapping of remedies was "pregnant with potentialities of clashes and conflicts" and that the court majority was opening the door "to unseemly conflicts between state and federal agencies."

¶ A Supreme Court majority did hold that Cutter Laboratories of California had the "just cause" required by its union contract for firing a Communist woman employee. But Justice William Douglas, bitterly dissenting, argued in effect that the Communists are simply another political party and that an employee might just as well be dismissed for being a Republican. The dissent came despite the clear judgment of Congress, as expressed in specific legislation, that the Communists form a conspiracy, not a political party. And joining in the Douglas dissent were Justice Hugo Black and Chief Justice Warren.

Warren, 65, Douglas, 57, and Black, 70, are the Supreme Court's liberal leaders. On the opposite side in case after case are egg-head Stanley Reed, 71, dour Sherman Minton, 65, and imperturbable Harold Burton, 67, the court's conservatives. The



WARREN



DOUGLAS

swing men are Felix Frankfurter, 73, Tom Clark, 56, and John Marshall Harlan, Jr. Frankfurter, the perky sparrow, brilliant but baffling, is still disliked by many conservatives who originally fought his appointment, and is now distrusted by many liberals who feel he has betrayed them. As a general rule, he would rather decide a case on statutory law or a legal technicality than on a basic constitutional issue. Tom Clark, still trying to live down his name as Harry Truman's most popular political appointee, tends (with some notable exceptions) to follow the lead of Chief Justice, whether it be Fred Vinson or Vinson's successor, Earl Warren. Tom Clark, a "lawyer's lawyer," has broader previous experience at the bar and the bench than any of his colleagues, but he is the court's newest member and his way of thinking has not been clearly charted.

Nine Different Guys

Chief Justice Vinson, questioned about dissents in the court, once exploded: "Look, these are nine guys, all with separate reputations, ability and confidence in themselves. If any Chief Justice can keep their heads together and get unanimity, he's better than I am." Earl Warren, persuasion rather than head-knocking, has unanimity in all the desegregation decisions. And it is in testament to his skill and effectiveness as Chief Justice that will and his liberal bent have come to dominate the Supreme Court over the last year.

Warren's unflinching warmth and graciousness have captivated his colleagues. "The Chief," glows Justice Bill Douglas, "is magnificent." Hugo Black and Felix Frankfurter have used almost the same words. Says Harold Willey, who is retiring after almost 30 years as court clerk: "I've never seen the atmosphere so good as it is under Warren. He doesn't make the mistake of trying to compete with old hands on the fine points of constitutional law. He doesn't have to be a scholar; he gets by on common sense and the ability to make people like him."

But Warren is more than a judicial hand-holder; he is a top administrator who has changed schedules, e.g., by switching conference day from Saturday to Friday so as to permit the court to handle more work with less effort) with a remarkable memory and grasp of essential facts. A federal judge says that Warren recon-



BLACK

recalled "out of the blue" all the relevant details of the judge's ten-year-old report on whether there should be uniform procedure for admitting lawyers to practice in federal courts. When presiding over the annual Judicial Conference (which handles administrative business for the federal court system), Warren is a pleasant contrast to his predecessors.

Chief Justice Harlan Stone was peremptory, cutting off judges before they were able to make their points. Chief Justice Vinson was passive; he had no agenda and simply slumped down in his chair while garrulous judges wasted the time of the conference. Earl Warren is neither peremptory nor passive. When a judge begins to ramble, Warren is likely to break in with the graciously smiling remark: "Now, Judge, doesn't your argument come down to these four points?" He lists the points tersely and with unerring accuracy. The judge nods bemusedly, and Warren turns briskly to the next speaker.

To Steer or Be Steered?

Such qualities are invaluable to Warren in the Supreme Court conference room, where the real work of the court is done and where Warren has the key privileges of opening discussion on all cases and of assigning the writers of majority opinions (when he himself is in the majority). They are the qualities that have enabled Earl Warren to make such an imprint on the Supreme Court and all its work. And that imprint is the reason that critics, when blaming the court for its 1956 record, point specifically to Earl Warren.

More than 70 bills now before the Congress are aimed at whittling down the power of what their backers consider a runaway court. Example: last week the Senate Judiciary Committee approved a bill to prevent the Supreme Court from interpreting any federal law as overriding any state law unless the act of Congress "contains an express provision to that effect."

Most of the attacks on the Supreme Court are emotional instead of cerebral. Most of the 70-odd congressional bills are bad ones, with little likelihood of passage in the foreseeable future. But the widespread reaction against the court's use as a social instrument is a clear and present danger. It is the risk that Earl Warren assumes when he views his role as "steering the law" rather than being steered by it.

had been labeled security risks, were returned to the public payroll.

In its last week, the court also:

¶ Ruled, 5 to 4, that the Government could deport an alien on the basis of evidence from secret informants, even though the alien's record was otherwise clear. Chief Justice Warren, with Justices Douglas, Black and Frankfurter, dissented resoundingly. Wrote Black: "The core of our constitutional system is that individual liberty must never be taken away by shortcuts, that fair trials in independent courts must never be dispensed with. That system is in grave danger. This case emphasizes that fact."

¶ Upheld, 5 to 3, the right of military courts to try civilian dependents accompanying U.S. armed forces overseas. Two defendants were involved: 1) Mrs. Dorothy Krueger Smith (daughter of wartime Army General Walter Krueger), now serving a life sentence for the murder in Japan of her husband, Army Colonel Aubrey Smith, and 2) Mrs. Clarice Covert, sentenced by court-martial to life imprisonment for the murder in England of her husband, Air Force Sergeant Edward Covert. Chief Justice Warren and Justices Douglas and Black dissented. Justice Felix Frankfurter said he had not yet decided how to vote. Wrote Frankfurter: "Reflection is a slow process. Wisdom, like good wine, requires maturing."

CRIME

P.S. for Roguery

As appointments secretary and trusted aide to President Harry S. Truman, poker-faced Matthew J. Connelly had a reputation in Washington for getting things done. Last week in St. Louis, a federal district court jury decided that Matt Connelly had tried to get too many things done: it convicted him of conspiring to fix a tax case. Also convicted was Theron Lamar ("Sweet Thing") Caudle, onetime Assistant Attorney General who shocked Washington in 1951 with his honeysuckle-toned stories of poorly concealed rogery in the Truman Administration.

Connelly and Caudle were accused of accepting gifts in return for their help in trying to head off the trial of St. Louis Shoe Broker Irving Sachs, who later pleaded guilty to income-tax evasion and was fined \$40,000. What the jury decided Connelly got: a topcoat, two suits of clothes and an oil royalty worth \$3,600 (Connelly said he had put up \$750 for the royalty and did not know it had cost more). What the jury decided Caudle got: an oil royalty worth \$3,300 (Caudle said he had angrily ordered Sachs's agent to get the royalty out of his name, and had "cut him to ribbons" for buying it).

To be sentenced next month, and facing a maximum of five years in prison and a \$10,000 fine, T. Lamar Caudle waived his innocence: "My conscience is so clear and open that when I face God, my sweet children and my friends, I will have no apologies to make for anything I have done." Matt Connelly, the man who could get things done, said nothing.

COMMUNISTS

Never Again?

On the 74th anniversary of the birth of Joseph Stalin, Novelist Howard Fast was awarded the Stalin Peace Prize (value: about \$25,000 tax-free) for 1953—"the highest honor," he called it, "that can be conferred on any person in these times." New York City-born Author Fast, 41 (*Citizen Tom Paine, Freedom Road*), commended himself to the Kremlin by his judgments on the Communist Party ("No nobler, no finer product of man's existence") and the mid-century U.S. ("Only one virtue remains—betrayal—and the only measure of human worth is the measure of a pimp"). Beyond these words his deeds included a three months jail sentence in 1950 for contempt of Congress, and an emotional message to the leaders of Red China who were battling U.S. troops during the Korean war: "My heart is with you in the mighty struggle..."

The Apology. In Manhattan's *Daily Worker* last week Communist Fast not only executed a timely party-line flip but wound up looking Nikita Khrushchev straight in the eye in a way that might well give Khrushchev pause about the forces he has let loose in the party. Khrushchev's "secret" speech (*TIME*, March 26 et seq.), wrote Fast, "is a strange and awful document . . . It itemizes a record of barbarism and paranoiac blood lust that will be a lasting and shameful memory to civilized man . . . Mr. Khrushchev led men of good will to understand that the document itself would be a warning of the monstrous dangers inherent in secret and dictatorial government. I for one looked hopefully but vainly . . . for a pledge that the last execution had taken place on Soviet soil. I looked for a pledge of civil rights, for the sacred right of habeas corpus, of public appeal to higher courts, of final judgment by one's peers. Instead I learned that three more executions had been announced from the Soviet Union, and my stomach turned over..."

As for himself, Communist Fast regretted that he had not criticized the Soviet Union as he had criticized the U.S., which he now called "a land I love so deeply and which has given me so much." He admitted: "I failed miserably . . . I failed to see that to win socialism and to abandon the holy right of man to his own conscience, his own dignity, his right to say what he pleases when he pleases . . . is no victory at all . . . I knew that the death penalty existed in the Soviet Union . . . I knew there were prisons . . . I accepted the fact that Jewish culture had been wiped out in Russia; I knew that writers and artists and scientists were intimidated . . . But I accepted this as a necessity of socialism. This I can never accept again, and never again can I accept as a just practice under socialism that which I know to be unjust."

"Never Again." Fast still had praise for Soviet glories that in his view transcended Stalin, e.g., "the achievements of socialism, the destruction of the Nazi

madmen, the goodness and humanism of the Soviet people, the building and rebuilding of the great Soviet land, the leadership of the struggle for peace and the good right hand stretched out to colonial people and oppressed people everywhere. But I must say that if Russia has in me a friend, it also has a severe and implacable critic. Never again will I remain silent when I can recognize injustice, regardless of how that injustice may be wrapped in the dirty linen of expediency or necessity. Never again will I fail to question, to demand proof. Never again will I accept the 'clever' rationale, which appears to make sense but under scrutiny does not."

Such breast-beating had a hollow sound when matched against the agonies of anti-Communists and ex-Communists who have for years tried to warn the world against Communism, only to be smeared by slaves like Fast. But it was Fast's last-line reassertion of his rights as an individual that perhaps held the deepest implications for world Communism: "All this," he wrote, "has been written very personally, and it must be; for it is only what I have been thinking, and I must take the total responsibility for saying it."

WASHINGTON

A Cure for Lumbago

Housewife Peggy Nelson stared moodily at the mosquitoes swarming up out of the stagnant pond near her home in the little lumber town of Snoqualmie, Wash., and came to a decision: either she or the wretched puddle must go.

Last week—three years after decision day—bulldozers were rooting out the wild blackberry bushes and leveling the ground for a new housing development where "Peggy's Puddle" once stagnated. Elsewhere in Snoqualmie (pop. 1,059), Peg-

gy's fellow citizens had cheerfully waded into no fewer than 75 other "action projects" designed to make their town a better place to live in.

Rich Rewards. Fortunately for them and their future, Peggy Nelson had precisely the ally she needed when she set out on her swamp-draining expedition in 1953. The ally: the University of Washington's Bureau of Community Development, a \$50,000-a-year agency which has produced an impact on life in Washington out of all proportion to its budget. Its updated Jeffersonian objective: to help urban Washingtonians discover that self-reliant, creative citizens not only can solve many of their own problems but also enjoy rich rewards in the process.

Once Peggy Nelson had set the ball rolling, bureau consultants helped Snoqualmie's townspeople organize 18 study committees with memberships ranging from bankers to lumberjacks. Each group diagnosed a Snoqualmie ailment. When one of the innumerable "buzz sessions" established that Peggy's pond and the town's irksome high-water level rose and fell together, an improvement district was organized, and a \$12,000 drainage ditch eliminated both health hazards. As the study committees pinpointed other problems, action groups took over. The littered railroad right of way through town was cleared of underbrush; downtown business houses were being repainted according to a master color scheme; vacant buildings were torn down to make way for new; a combination town hall-library-fire station was built. Involved in the project at one time or another: almost 70% of Snoqualmie's residents.

Just to Boom. Gratifying as the Snoqualmie story was, it was nothing new to the university's Community Development Bureau. Founded in 1950 under the direction of crusading Community Planner



Time Map by J. Donovan

Richard W. Poston (now directing the same kind of program at Southern Illinois University), it has in six years lifted 165 communities (see map) out of one kind of municipal morass or another.

Anacortes, a Puget Sound town with boom-and-bust history, was bustling over in 1953, with 1,800 of its 6,700 residents on or asking for relief. Then two major oil companies opened big refineries in the area, and Anacortes was suddenly riding the biggest boom in its history. But the town took it in smooth stride, the usual headaches of sudden expansion averted by shrewd, bureau-directed advance planning.

Port Angeles' problem was in some ways more difficult. Its economy was sound, its future secure, but its location on the remote Olympic Peninsula cut it off from the main current of Washington life, and its community life was stagnating. The Bureau's solution: broad-based citizen participation in cultural and sociological programs. Today Port Angeles (pop. 11,850) not only feels itself a part of Washington but of the world. One prime civic project: some 200 of its citizens regularly exchange correspondence and books with those of Rosenheim, Germany, and in the last year, high schools in the two communities have exchanged students.

Tiny (pop. 975) Winlock, one of the bureau's early success stories, rose above the peril of a cutback in local timbering operations, went on to find a modest new industry, i.e., a \$750,000 cedar-shake processing plant, and to pay for a wide range of community improvements with more than half a million dollars worth of bonds. It also reaped considerable non-material bonuses: attendance at church and community functions has tripled, and election turnouts of 90% are common.

As the renaissance list has grown, so has interest in the program. Today the bureau has study requests from 165 Washington towns; 60 have already organized informal study groups of their own. In the 2 communities where rejuvenation is accomplished or underway, 700 new jobs have been created, a total of \$10 million worth of improvement projects financed. Say lean, intense Jack E. Wright, 37, Poston's successor as bureau director: "You can't have community lumbago when citizen unlimber their spiritual and intellectual muscles in town affairs."



Marshall Lockman

PLANNERS WRIGHT (FOREGROUND), PEGGY NELSON (RIGHT) AT SNOQUALMIE
As it will among the people.

ARMED FORCES

Big Miss at Bikini

After years of training and practice in accuracy bombing, a red-faced Air Force last week gave itself low marks in its biggest test since the Korean war. The H-bomb dropped from a B-52 over Bikini on May 21, said Air Force Secretary Donald A. Quarles, missed its aiming point by "somewhat less than four miles."

The big miss, Quarles added, was the result of "human error." For months before the drop the B-52's crew, drawn from the elite special-weapons test group at Kirtland Air Force Base, had made practice runs over the target. But when the time came for the actual firing pass, the crew, probably jittery over the effect the multi-megaton burst might have on the bomber itself, failed to correct a navigation error that threw the plane off course.

The bomb exploded far enough away from the target to render useless some of the elaborate instrumentation set up at the test site. But the Air Force sturdily maintained that the drop had successfully proved something far more important: the B-52 can deliver the H-bomb and get away intact.

DEMOCRATS

Safety in Schizophrenia

As New York's Governor Averell Harriman flew into Denver to spark a meeting of the Western Conference for Harriman, Democrats were busy last week deciphering Ave's stand on civil rights. Four months ago Harriman was demanding that the President act on the Supreme Court's desegregation decisions. Testing the tenor of his camp at that time, a spokesman for the Southern wing reported back: "They're ready to send B-52s over the South." In May, for the edification of the Americans for Democratic Action, Harriman (who likes to be thought of as another Franklin Roosevelt) imagined what F.D.R. would have done. "He would have had a fireside chat and rallied men and women of good will together to work together to carry out this difficult decision."

But right after Ike's intestinal operation, as Adlai Stevenson was glowing over moderation's harvest of convention votes, Harriman also decided moderation had some appeal. Appearing on *Meet the Press*, he saw desegregation as a matter for the Supreme Court and "not an executive responsibility." Last week in Denver Harriman told newsmen that Oklahoma Governor Raymond Gary's "moderation" and his own "zeal" were the same commodity. Shrugged Ave; a question of semantics. Harriman said further that he "admires what Governor Gary has done in his state." Gary, elected chairman of the Harriman Western Conference by 150 representatives of eleven states attending, explained that some Oklahoma school districts want separate white and Negro schools, some want integrated schools. Under the Gary plan, each district gets what it wants.

Southerners politely applauded Harriman's retreat from antimoderation, hoped that it signified that the Harriman forces were abandoning their plan to disrupt the platform-writing sessions in Chicago with an unequivocal demand for a strong civil-rights plank. But Southerners were still cool and suspicious toward Candidate



Associated Press
HARRIMAN & OKLAHOMA'S GARY
As it must to all.

Harriman, although his lieutenants wooed them assiduously. Said one Democratic politician: "There is a basic schizophrenia in the Harriman camp that just defies explanation." Actually the explanation was simple: as it must to all active Democratic candidates, the segregation issue had caught up to Averell Harriman.

POLITICAL NOTES

Where's the Revolt?

With the scars of their 1948 splinter wounds still throbbing painfully, Southern Democrats demonstrated last week that another full-scale revolt against the party's Northern leadership is one of the farthest things from their minds in 1956—civil rights or no.

The South's position was made clear in the course of a mild ruckus touched off by South Carolina's Governor George Bell Timmerman Jr. In a letter to some 150 Southern politicians, Timmerman called attention to South Carolina's maneuver of recessing its state Democratic convention until after Chicago instead of adjourning. This procedure theoretically would allow the Southerners to walk out of a hostile national convention and reconvene as a third party. Timmerman also suggested darkly that Southern Democrats should caucus prior to Chicago.

First to react publicly was North Carolina's Senator W. Kerr Scott, who replied that he was "deeply interested in working out a platform that will have the unanimous support of all Democrats, but I feel that this can be done only by working together in Chicago." Then, in a considerably less polite press statement, he said he had "no patience with anything that

suggests a third party. The [South Carolina] resolution is nothing but Dixiecrat sugar coating . . . tailor-made for the Republicans."

Many Southerners, e.g., Governors LeRoy Collins of Florida and Luther Hodges of North Carolina, were in no hurry to answer Timmerman's letter; other governors, Mississippi's James P. Coleman and Georgia's S. Marvin Griffin, got off polite but noncommittal answers. Less tolerant was the Atlanta *Constitution*, which acidly editorialized that "history teaches some people few lessons, especially if they happen to be governors of South Carolina." Then it put its finger squarely on the basic weakness of third-party talk: regardless of how strong the South may feel about civil rights, it "cannot go it alone, because only within the framework of the two-party system is it able to maintain enough political power in the Congress to protect its interests [through seniority on powerful House and Senate committees, etc.]. The third party led by J. Strom Thurmond—also of South Carolina—in 1948 should have taught us a lesson . . . Such movements could leave the section politically powerless, with all that this implies."

Democratic Dough Boys

Democrats delight in needing Republicans with the charge that the G.O.P. is the party of the privileged rich. Deciding that enough was enough, the Senate Republican Policy Committee last week needed back with a 32-page booklet listing a number of dough boys among the Democrats.

At least a half dozen Democratic Senators, the brochure noted, are millionaires: Rhode Island's Theodore Green, Virginia's Harry Byrd, Oklahoma's Bob Kerr, New York's Herbert Lehman, Montana's Jim Murray and Missouri's Stuart Symington. Furthermore, four of the leading Democratic presidential possibilities—Symington, Adlai Stevenson, New York's Governor Averell Harriman and Michigan's Governor "Soapy" Williams—are "men of wealth."

The Books Are Straight

North Carolina's Governor Luther Hodges, a courtly textileman who came out of retirement to enter public life four years ago, likes to keep his books straight. Assured of re-election after romping through the May 26 primary with a record 401,082 votes, popular Democrat Hodges last week proceeded to clear up his accounts with a businesslike gesture that sent chills through other politicians across the country.

His renomination campaign, the governor announced candidly, had cost 25% less than the \$40,000 raised for his campaign fund. Each of the 329 contributors, with the exception of himself, his wife and a tiny band of close advisers, would get a 25% refund. Said Hodges after the checks were mailed out: "It occurred to me that this was the only proper thing to do."

FOREIGN NEWS

MIDDLE EAST

Lay That Burden Down

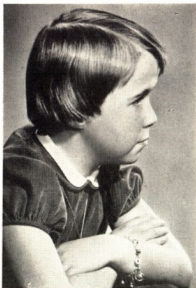
*Take up the White Man's burden,
And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humor
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"*

—Kipling (1899)

The British marched out of India in 1948 with colors flying, pipes skirling, and every upper lip as stiff as Kitchener's the day the dervishes whirled and charged him at Omdurman. But all the pomp and bluster of yesterday were missing last week when the last British soldiers pulled out of another great outpost of Empire. Five days before the deadline set by the Anglo-Egyptian agreement, Brigadier John H. S. Lacey handed over the keys of his Suez Canal headquarters to Lieut. Colonel Abdullah Azoumi of the Egyptian army and quietly led the last 91 of Britain's 80,000-man garrison aboard a landing craft bound for Cyprus.

Brigadier Lacey explained wanly that the departure, after 74 years, was kept unobtrusive "to foster understanding and friendship between the two countries."

As the British remnant sailed out of Port Said, Egypt's new, Soviet-made MIG jets screamed triumphantly over Cairo. They were warming up for Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser's big "Liberation Day" show scheduled for the moment when Egypt formally takes over the Zone this week. Arriving as Nasser's special guest at the festivities: Russia's new Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov.



PRINCESS MARIJKE
A hope blighted.

Associated Press

THE NETHERLANDS

Juliana & the Healer

"We have no desire to enter the private life of the royal family," announced a leading Hague newspaper prominently one day last week. "The Queen's living room at least should be out of the sight and hearing of those who have nothing to do in there," echoed another. Thus gingerly did Dutch newspapers take note of what elsewhere was sensational headline news. A long-standing royal secret was at last out in the open.

Idyl at Soestdijk. To all outward appearances, no ruling house in Europe can boast the solid, sobersided respectability of the Dutch House of Orange-Nassau. For an aggregate of 66 years, its last two Queens have reigned with the placidity of *huisvrouwen*. The marriage of the present Queen Juliana, who succeeded to the throne at the retirement of her mother Wilhelmina in 1948, to German Prince Bernhard zu Lippe-Biesterfeld (a former I.G. Farben representative) was long acclaimed as one of the happiest in Europe. Sentimental Dutch editors were known to refer to their conjugal life at the royal residence as "the idyl at Soestdijk," and even the fact of still another generation without male heirs failed to blight the general Dutch satisfaction in the rulers.

Yet all was not idyllic behind the gleaming white walls of Soestdijk Palace. Prince Bernhard's German birth was a handicap to him among some of his wife's subjects, even though he worked long and hard in England to weld the Dutch resistance forces into an effective unit during World War II. He liked the gay life and fast cars; his Queen was motherly, deeply religious and serious. In 1947 the couple faced a domestic tragedy in the birth of their fourth daughter, Princess Maria Christina (nicknamed Marijke). As a result of German measles suffered by her mother during pregnancy, the little princess was born with cataracts on both eyes. Doctors were able to save some of the vision in one eye, but by the time Marijke was two, the sight of the other was gone. In desperation, Juliana and her husband were willing to clutch at any straw of hope.

One such straw appeared when Prince Bernhard heard of a wondrous cure performed upon a friend's tuberculous daughter by a woman named Greet Hofmans. Spinster Hofmans (now 61) was a mild-mannered, harsh-voiced woman who was born to poverty and spent a bleak childhood nursing a sick mother. In middle age, after an unrewarding life as a social worker and factory hand, she moved to Holland's hard-bitten north, where piety and superstition often walk hand in hand. There, she said, she had a personal talk with God who offered her miraculous powers for the benefit of her fellow man, if she would renounce all worldly claims. "Of course," Greet Hofmans said, "I ac-



George Skadding—LIFE

THE QUEEN A straw seized.

cepted." At God's direction, she moved to Hattem, the baronial seat of the Van Heeckeren van Molecaten family. It was there the royal family found her.

Brought to Soestdijk by Bernard and confronted with the half-blind little princess, Greet Hofmans bowed her head in prayer and assured Juliana that the child could be cured. The cure, she said, would be a slow one. To supervise the process, Greet Hofmans herself came to live at the palace, and in time Baron van Heeckeren became the Queen's private secretary.

Two years passed and Marijke's eyes showed no marked improvement, but in the meantime Hofmans' influence over Queen Juliana became more and more noticeable. On a visit to the U.S., Juliana put aside speeches written by her ministers, and launched into speeches of her own, notable for their suggestion of neutralism in world affairs and their aura of vague mysticism. Dutch papers do not lightly criticize the royal family. The Socialist *Het Parool*, distressed by the Queen's U.S. speeches, veiled its feelings by tactfully assuming that the ministers had written them. Then it asked: Where was any indication that the Dutch believe in NATO? The speeches sounded like the "views hailed by pacifists, 'third way' people and some mystics . . . Do they hear voices in The Hague and are they haunted by visions? . . . Doubtless these speeches are well-intentioned . . . Nevertheless, we realize with painful embarrassment . . . that all of this might leave the impression that Holland is a queer country."

As for Prince Bernhard, no longer the dashing playboy, he roamed the world serving as a sort of unofficial trade ambassador for his country, and was away more and more from the Queen's side. As Juliana and her mystic grew closer and closer together, there was a clear implication that Greet Hofmans believed

Marijke's cure was being delayed because both parents (meaning Bernhard) were not wholly behind Greet Hofmans' intercession with God.

"Practically Speaking . . ." Bernhard once told a reporter that his wife ruled the country, but within the four walls of the palace he was boss. In time Bernhard broke openly with Greet Hofmans and sent her packing out of Soestdijk. She found sanctuary under the protective shadow of ex-Queen Wilhelmina and gradually became the center of a group of religionists whose meetings, under the slogan "Peace through Christ," were held on the ex-Queen's estate.

Juliana invited her wartime friend, Eleanor Roosevelt, to one of these conferences in 1951. After two days of it, Mrs. Roosevelt reportedly went away greatly disturbed by the fanatic impracticability of the discussions. In *My Day* she wrote: "I felt that it was almost arrogant to expect to establish with the Almighty a direct and conscious connection . . . I have not ruled out the possibility of some dangers which are evident . . ."

Between times, at a consulting room in a shabby Amsterdam dancing school, Greet practiced her faith healing. The desperate waited in line. "I help 8,000 people," she claimed, sometimes at the rate of 600 a day. The government at one point investigated to see whether she was practicing medicine without a license, but concluded she was not. Her message was simple: submission to God's will. "A disease is not a thing in itself," she would say. "Thus cancer in a person is connected with the world spiritual disorder of war. Practically speaking, therefore, I cannot cure cancer until war is eliminated."

At Soestdijk, as word of her influence spread, the royal couple's separate secretarial staffs, government ministers and even the royal princesses took sides with

one faction or the other. Greet Hofmans' influence on Juliana eventually diminished somewhat. By 1953 the healer was seeing far less of the Queen, but she still lives in a cottage close to the palace, and a difficulty between Juliana and Bernhard has remained.

Truth Must Not Out. On the eve of the Dutch national elections last week, despite Dutch attempts to stop it, the German newsmagazine *Der Spiegel* broke the story, with numerous embellishments. It suggested that the crisis at Soestdijk might lead to Queen Juliana's divorce or abdication. In dismay, the coalition government of Socialist Premier Willem Drees called a conclave of Dutch editors, who agreed not to run the story before the election and to soft-pedal it afterwards. Premier Drees later publicly denied that there was any truth to the talk of abdication or divorce, but by implication admitted the basic truth of the rest of the tragic tale ("Even if something is not a lie, it sometimes should not be published"). In Stockholm, attending the equestrian Olympics, Bernhard would say nothing.

As to Greet Hofmans' views on the matter: "I'm responsible to God and to no one else," she snapped at a reporter last week. "I've never said a word about the royal family, and I never will. Why don't you ask the Queen?"

CYPRUS

Man Hunt

One evening last week commandos of the Royal Marines waited silently on the darkening slopes of Cyprus' 6,000-ft. Troodos Mountains. Peering through binoculars they watched a village woman slowly climb a pine-covered hillside, drop her bulky load and return the way she had come. Sten guns at the ready, the marines in camouflaged battledress leaped swiftly from their lookout and arrived just in time to round up seven E.O.K.A. terrorists who had moved down to collect their supplies.

It was one episode in a campaign dubbed Operation Lucky Alphonso, involving 5,000 British troops in the biggest military undertaking since Malaya. Object of the sweep: to catch George Grivas, the British-trained ex-Greek army officer who reportedly masterminds the E.O.K.A. terrorist underground from a mountain hide-out. By week's end the marines had narrowed the squeeze to a last four square miles in the Troodos.

While the search for Grivas went on, the British government continued in public to strike as unrelenting an attitude as ever. In London a detachment of Scotland Yard men rounded up roly-poly Father Kallinikos Macheriotis, Cyprus-born abbot of a Greek Rite church, as he cooked his solitary supper of beef and eggs, and deported him summarily to Greece. The angriest questions of Labor M.P.s failed to wring from government ministers any more than the bare statement that his activities "went beyond any legitimate ecclesiastical duties and were not in the



PRINCE BERNHARD
An idyl shattered.

International

public interest." Despite this unyielding attitude in public there were signs that both the British and the Greeks were increasingly desirous of ending their cold war. The exiled Archbishop Makarios' former secretary and right-hand man, Nikos Kranidiotis, showed up in London with a proposal that he and the other five members of the archbishop's advisory council would be glad to relay any new British offers to Makarios, and Makarios himself wrote a letter suggesting that the gap between him and the British before his exile last March "was not wide." Still, if the British could only get their hands on Grivas, they would feel in a much stronger bargaining position.

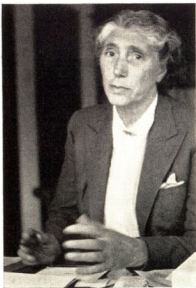
At week's end violence claimed the first American life on Cyprus. Terrorists tossed two bombs into a tiny Nicosia restaurant, killed U.S. Vice Consul William P. Boteler, 26, wounded three other American members of the consular staff in Nicosia as they sat at dinner.

GREAT BRITAIN

Shouts & Second Thoughts

THE BIG SELLOUT . . . THE FULL EXPOSURE OF BRITAIN'S PERIL. So read the headlines in the London *Daily Express*, run by crusty old (77) Lord Beaverbrook, last of the imperialists. And what was the *Express* so vexed about—Cyprus, Singapore, Suez? No, the deadly peril to Empire, the "mortifying and shameful act of surrender" was the British Cabinet's decision to permit The Texas Co. to buy the British-owned Trinidad Oil Co.

In London financial circles the sale terms were regarded as highly favorable to Britain. Texaco would pay Britain in badly needed dollars. Its \$176 million offer was twice the value of the shares. Under the conditions laid down by the Cabinet, Texaco must operate the refinery



GREET HOFMANS
An offer accepted.

Iraol Shenker

at full capacity and step up oil exploration on the island. Trinidad Oil produces about 8,000,000 bbls. of crude annually but is a midjet in the international oil industry. Yet no British firm was in shape to buy it, or provide the funds to expand it. In the long run, Texaco's expansion plans would mean increased U.S. dollar investment both in Britain and in underdeveloped Trinidad. Said Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan: "If we use our powers to prevent the transaction, we run the risk of denying great material benefits to the island..."

Despite Macmillan's explanations, the Cabinet decision provoked a storm of protest in Parliament. Spearhead of the attack were Tory back-benchers, chief among them Toronto-born Sir Beverley Baxter, a onetime piano salesman who rose to the eminence of editor in chief of

problem that the U.S. had been sweating out for years amidst British taunts of "McCarthyism": the importance of a man's associations and beliefs.

The case involved John Lang, a 46-year-old assistant solicitor who had worked five years for Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., Britain's chief maker of chemicals. Last fortnight I.C.I. fired Lang. Reason: the Ministry of Supply had notified the company that all secret government contracts would be withdrawn unless Lang was removed from contact with them.

Lang refused to resign, demanded a hearing from Ministry officials—and got one. His wife and friends were also heard, and Britons weighed the fragmentary, inconclusive sort of evidence that has troubled so many Americans in the past few years. Lang pointed out that he had served during the war in the Intelligence Corps.



Keystone

JOHN LANG & WIFE
Like a girl with a fallen sister.

Beaverbrook's *Express*. He had learned from a Canadian Cabinet Minister, said Sir Beverley, that "the policy of the big oil interests of the U.S. is to achieve a monopolistic control of the natural oil in the English-speaking world."

At week's end, however, as more and more of the facts came out, Lord Beaverbrook was left to cry shame alone. The rival *Daily Mail*, which had originally urged the government to "turn it down," after thinking it over a few days, concluded: "On the face of it there is much to be said for the Trinidad oil deal."

Belated Discovery

In matters of civil rights, Britain is as jealous of its virtue as a girl with a fallen sister; the fallen sister, Britons make clear, is the U.S.

But last week some Britons shrieked that freedom was in peril, others clucked that care must be exercised. For the first time, Britons were grappling with the

in what he called "high-grade security work." He had briefly been a member of the British-Soviet Friendship Society, and assistant treasurer of the socialist Haldane Society at a time when many Laborite lawyers had quit in disgust at its espousal of Communist causes (Lang himself quit in 1950 over the society's support of Communist charges of germ warfare in Korea). His wife had been an open member of the Communist Party off and on since 1931, resigning finally a year before her marriage to Lang in 1951. Declared Lang: "It became quite clear that the only point remaining in doubt was the question of my wife's association with the Communist Party before my marriage... There has never been any suggestion that I have ever had any Communist sympathies whatsoever."

Last week in Parliament a group of Liberal and Labor M.P.s peppered Minister of Supply Reginald Maudling with indignant questions. Able young Reggie

Maudling insisted that the government knew what it was about, and refused to divulge all he knew. But he did deny that Lang was being blacklisted solely for his wife's views. The House accepted his explanation. Britain was learning, only five years after Diplomats Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean took off for Russia, that security in the face of Communism is a problem more complicated than it had once been ready to admit.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Dirty Clothes on the Line

At first, Communist authorities were inclined to put it down to college-boy pranks. But it was unsettling to see university students in Prague and Bratislava using the newly revived May festivities this year to lampoon the Communist regime—by such means as parading a trussed-up student bearing the sign ACADEMIC FREEDOM. Even more disturbing, Czech students were showing themselves heady with ideas not found in their government-approved textbooks; they began organizing groups, holding meetings, making demands of the Minister of Education. Before the authorities knew what was happening, Prague students had drawn up several resolutions demanding "democratization of public life" and other far-reaching reforms—retrial of all political cases, less censorship, circulation of foreign newspapers, fewer dull party indoctrinations.

Spreading Trouble. Czechoslovakia's Communist leaders took alarm. Unlike Poland's top leaders, who seem to share some of the current ideological ferment of their countrymen, Czech Reds have been trying to squash any new thoughts among their people. Czech newspapers refused to print the students' resolutions, and the students gave the regime a lesson in enterprise: they fired off copies by air, taxi and motorcycle to other Czech university towns, where the resolutions were widely circulated and discussed. Someone sent a copy to Radio Free Europe, and soon the full text was being beamed to all Czechoslovakia.

Last week, at a five-day conference of Czechoslovakia's Communist Party, the party's First Secretary Antonin Novotny admitted that dissatisfaction had spread beyond the students. As a result of Khrushchev's historic speech to the 20th Party Congress, said Novotny, "235 party organizations, embracing a little over 15,000 members, under the influence of ambiguous and incorrect views, made the request that an extraordinary congress of the party should be called." Novotny turned the idea down flat: the party line was correct and "we need not alter it in any way."

Holding the Lid. In proof of the line's amazing adaptability, Novotny tackled an embarrassing task: making his promised new explanation of the execution of Party Secretary Rudolf Slansky in 1952 for "activities against the state." Slansky was guilty, all right, explained Novotny, but

not of what he was accused of. The charges presented in court, particularly those implicating Tito's Yugoslavia, were all "false and fabricated." But authorities had since discovered new Slansky crimes, e.g., torturing suspects. Therefore, Slansky would not be rehabilitated.

To satisfy the party's dissident elements, more had to be done. The party promptly sacked Prosecutor General Vavilov, the judge at Slansky's trial, and two Cabinet ministers. The conference closed on a note of repression. Newspapers were warned against "incorrect ideas," and "reactionary elements among students" were threatened darkly. Dozens of students were picked up by police. The Czechs were laboring hard to keep the lid on.

THE KREMLIN

Bothered & Bewildered

Threading his way through the thorns of Communist dialectic last week, Italian Communist Leader Palmiro Togliatti gave the measure of how deeply the Khrushchev revelations had shaken party foundations in Italy. Stalin "committed many errors," purred red-eyed Palmiro, "but he also did many good things. . . . This was the strange mistake made at the 20th Party Congress: to be silent about the merits of Stalin."

Strange indeed were Togliatti's answers to nine questions conveniently framed by Rome's highbrow *Nuovi Argomenti*. According to Togliatti, Khrushchev went too far: "Criticisms of Stalin at the 20th Congress, which were largely unexpected, hit hard at the cadres of the international movement; there was not only surprise, there was also sorrow and bewilderment; there were doubts about the past." He explained that the criticism was needed because "leading cadres of the Soviet society had become insensitive and had lost personal capacity owing to the Stalin cult."

What of the future? "It seems to me," says Togliatti, "that the errors of Stalin will have to be corrected through vast development of re-education and a new course of life in the U.S.S.R. Methods will have to be fundamentally different from the one Stalin followed in [the latter] period of his life." Outside the Soviet Union "the internal political structure of the world Communist movement has changed," and now there comes out clearly "the necessity and desire for a steadily growing autonomy of judgment."

Togliatti's apology for Stalin lacked the sweeping boldness of Khrushchev's attack, but then Togliatti lacked Khrushchev's claim to a previously terrorized silence. In free Italy, Togliatti had exhibited a slavish adulation for the dictator, had cried tearfully on news of Stalin's death, "He was a giant of thought and action." Last week his feeble effort to explain away this attitude, however unsatisfactory and irrational, accurately reflected the confusion of mind which had overtaken the Italian Communist Party.

Tito's Taint

Symbols of resistance to the dictatorship are rare in Russia. Thus Marshal Tito, who broke with Stalin in 1948 and is now celebrating his rehabilitation in the Kremlin hierarchy by junketing around the Soviet Union with Stalin's old cronies, gets a big hand at most places. In Stalingrad last week he was mobbed.

A crowd of 200,000, cheering and screaming, broke through MVD guard lines, tumbled Tito and his wife, newsmen and photographers in a heap against the official automobiles while First Party Secretary Khrushchev, wearing a Ukrainian shirt under his jacket, fought his way to safety. Later the Stalingradians* trampled over the graves of World War II defenders to get near the Yugoslav leader during a memorial ceremony while Khrushchev

destroyer escort, took Tito to Sochi, Russia's Miami, a seaside city of hotels, villas and sanatoria. There Tito, in sports shirt and slacks, and the shapely Jovanka in cashmere sweater, spent a morning wandering among lemon gardens and palm groves. Tito joked about the number of heroic statues, all discreetly arrayed in bathing costumes and played his favorite parlor trick, which consists of picking a leaf from a shrub or tree, holding it flat in his left fist, then giving it a resounding smack with his right hand, producing a sound like the bursting of a blown-up paper bag.

Sochi was the favorite resort of Late Dictator Stalin. Resting there, Tito could happily reflect that the principal thing which separated him from Khrushchev and other compromised oldtime Communists was the fact that Stalin, five years



TITO TOASTS KAGANOVICH (RIGHT) IN MOSCOW*
Like the bursting of a paper bag.

Lisa Larsen—Life

angrily admonished them: "Keep quiet, Comrades!"

The only quiet for the two comrades that day occurred during a trip on the Volga when the boat passed the huge Stalin statue (33 tons of bronze) which Khrushchev in his famous speech had cited as an example of Stalin's egotism. Neither party leader looked in that direction. But at the big Volga hydroelectric project, Khrushchev gave the workers the old Stalin business: though the U.S. was a mighty power, it would soon be challenged by the Soviet Union. Said Khrushchev: "We shall be richer."

At the Black Sea port of Novorossisk, Tito got a more orderly reception from a crowd clapping rhythmically and crying, "Tito, Tito!" and later singing the *Internationale*. Khrushchev waved him off on the Soviet cruiser *Frunze*, which, with

before his death, had read Tito out of the Kremlin family. At no time prior to that accident was Tito on record as rejecting Stalin's reign of terror. On all the great issues condemned by Khrushchev (with a documentation of which Tito must have had considerable knowledge at the time)—from Kirov's murder onward to the vast purges, in which 70% of the Central Committee was wiped out—Tito had been silent. For 20 years Tito, like Khrushchev, had been a staunch Stalinist.

One of Tito's former aides once pointed this out. The year Stalin died, the then Yugoslav Vice President Milovan Djilas wrote that, while Tito had broken with Stalin, he still treated Leninism as "a set of inherited and patented rules." Tito's sensitiveness to this kind of criticism took a fresh turn last week. While Tito sunned near Sochi, in Belgrade his party news-

* The Communist press has now taken to referring to Stalingrad by its old name, Tsaritsyn.

* In the background: Mikoyan, Mme. Tito and Bulganin.

papers *Borba* and *Politika* renewed their attack on Djilas. In the interviews with Western newsmen, including *TIME*'s James Bell (TIME, June 4), Djilas had drawn attention, at this pertinent moment in Yugoslav-Russian relations, to Tito's rigid orthodoxy. *Borba* saw Djilas' statements as "a carefully orchestrated campaign against the peaceful, independent policy of Yugoslavia precisely at a time when Tito is carrying out . . . his great mission of peace. It is obvious that reactionary and non-peace-loving circles do not like such development. Once again Djilas has served these sinister aims . . . Djilas is only the blind, obedient weapon, servile with his tail between his legs."

This Titoist outburst proved Djilas' point: inevitably the Titoist rejoinder was in the language and thinking of Stalin—a poor man's Stalin.

TURKEY

Freedom in Disguise

It is easier to proclaim a curb on freedom in Turkey than to enforce it.

In all Turkey last week, after passage of Premier Adnan Menderes' latest law curbing free speech (TIME, June 11), only one Istanbul newspaper printed an editorial page. But there were other ways of making a point. The outspoken Ankara newsweekly *Akis* (patterned after *TIME*) led its issue with a long review of Schiller's 18th century tragedy *The Robbers*, dealing with a power-drunk tyranny and a megalomaniac ruler. *Akis* also helpfully printed a few of the play's best lines. Sample (the villainous Franz speaking): "I will destroy everything that hinders my becoming master of this country," *Akis* Editor Metin Toket, who is a son-in-law of former President Ismet Inonu, also launched a new feature entitled "History." Starting for no apparent reason with the life of France's Napoleon III, the first article told how that vain schemer first destroyed the French republic, then made himself dictator, and finally led his country to ruin.

On the Record. The day after the new law went into effect, Kasim Gulek, the shrewd and forceful leader of the opposition Republican People's Party, made a speech at Biga. He was not deterred by the sight of police installing a tape recorder near the microphone.

"We do not approve of this law, and will do everything we can to get it repealed," he cried. "But meanwhile, since it is a law, we shall speak within its limits. I am not here to criticize the government but to tell you what the Republican Party will do when we return to power. We shall restore absolute freedom of the press and freedom of speech. Foreign exchange permits and permits for importing foreign goods will not be given on the basis of favoritism. We shall not permit the use of luxurious Cadillacs costing as much as 100,000 lire for government officials . . ."

By that time his audience of 15,000 was applauding and guffawing. Gulek had, of course, not criticized the government. But

by enumerating what he and his party would do if they came to power, he had succeeded in listing what many Turks think are the most glaring sins of the Democratic government. Istanbul papers printed most of his remarks verbatim.

Found Guilty. But Menderes was not minded to let freedom ring. His police seized *Akis*' next issue—because it reprinted *TIME*'s report of his latest press gag. And under an earlier Menderes anti-free-speech law, an Istanbul court last week sentenced Opposition Chief Gulek to a year in jail. His offense: at a press conference last year, he turned aside a question about his opponents by saying, "They know how they won the last elections better than I do—I won't comment



Walter Bennett

KASIM GULEK

Another way to make a point.

on that." This, the court now found, constituted an insult to the National Assembly. As Kasim Gulek left court, free on bail, his admirers hoisted him on their shoulders and, shouting "Long live Gulek," bore him through the streets to party headquarters. That evening at an alumni dinner at Istanbul's U.S.-run Robert College, the toastmaster proposed a toast for Alumnus Gulek, and nearly 300 attending stood up for a minute's homage.

PAKISTAN

Veiled Universe

To find the prettiest girl in a nation whose succulent peaches and sour lemons are often wrapped alike in the veils and Mother Hubbards of Islamic modesty is no easy matter. But the founders of Pakistan's Beauty Pageant Association, whose mission was to find a Miss Pakistan shapely enough to carry away the crown of Miss Universe at Long Beach, Calif., are a hardy lot. A group of 15 Westward-looking businessmen and emancipated society women (twelve of them Moslems),

they devised what seemed at first to be a prejudice-proof set of rules for the conduct of a proper Islamic beauty contest. Only a panel of female judges would see each contestant in a bathing suit; the girls could appear before male judges only when properly clad in veil and head-to-toe burka. The beauty sponsors even promised that when Miss Pakistan reached California, she would be in a good position to say a few words in favor of Pakistan's claim to Kashmir.

Then the bomb burst. Whatever the rules in Pakistan called for, it was learned that in California the contestants would have to appear, clad only in bathing suits, before men, women and a TV audience of millions, "to have their physical appearances assessed and judged as in a cattle market," as the *Times of Karachi* put it. "A disgrace to the Eastern social order and conventions," proclaimed the head of the powerful Brotherhood of Mullahs. In the face of the uproar, the contest promoters gave up. "We are back in Victorian error," sighed one.

ITALY

Explosive Verdict

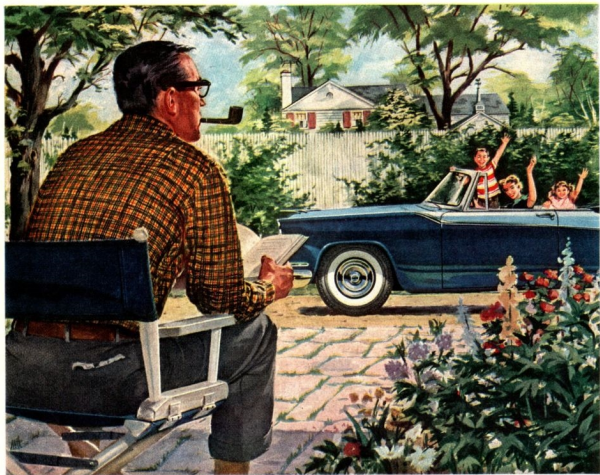
In the village of Romolino last week, unschooled Communist peasants, long forbidden to put up tendentious signs, jubilantly pasted up a wall poster that said simply: "We put this up just for the hell of it." Italy's Communists were not the only ones celebrating the explosive first verdict of Italy's spanking new Constitutional Court.

Until last week it was one of Italy's bitter national jokes that, although the constitution adopted by the fledgling Italian republic in 1947 bristles with democratic safeguards and guarantees of civil liberties, the only section of the constitution ever truly enforced is Article 12, which specifies that the national flag shall be green, white and red.

For nearly a decade successive Italian governments, in flagrant violation of the constitution, have blandly retained authoritarian law codes inherited from monarchial and Fascist days. Of the 708 articles of Italian law dealing with public security, all but 30 were originally decreed by Mussolini. Under them Italy's police enjoy such powers as those of forbidding citizens to change their city of residence, of banishing people to remote spots like Sardinia (or Eloli), and of seizing for trial all those who "publicly offend against the honor or dignity of the government."

To defend the government's retention of these Fascist laws, Christian Democratic leaders from the late Alcide De Gasperi on pointed to the internal Communist threat to Italian democracy. Simultaneously, the Demo-Christians quietly stalled all moves to establish a court similar to the U.S. Supreme Court, as the constitution specified. So long as there was no such court, nobody could strip the government of its powers.

No longer in fear of an armed Communist take-over, the Parliament last Decem-

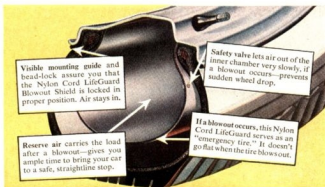


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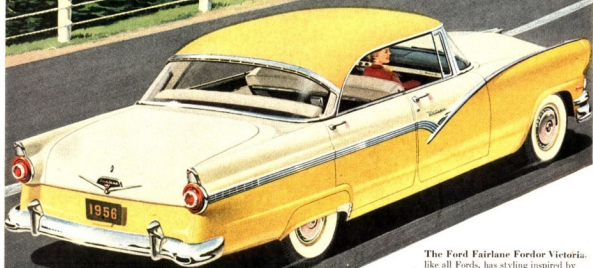
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ber finally brought the court into being, under pressure from President Giovanni Gronchi. On the evening of the day he was inaugurated as president of the court, 78-year-old Enrico de Nicola called his colleagues into session to consider several score of cases involving alleged violations of constitutional rights.

Last week, ruling simultaneously on 29 of the cases, De Nicola and his colleagues unanimously decided that Article 113 of the police law, which requires police permits for all signs, posters, and even "inscriptions carved into rocks," is a violation of the constitutional guarantee of free speech. In so doing, the court made clear that it had only begun to strike down unconstitutional laws, flatly urged the government to begin a wholesale revamping of Italian legal codes on its own. Predicted one happy lawyer: "In ten years Italy will be a really democratic country."

Little World of Don Camillo

Don Camillo Berlocchi, shepherd of the flock in the Umbrian village of Vingone, brooded long and bitterly on the day the results of the Italian elections were announced. All over the land before the voting, "sacred notices" were posted warning Christians that "all are excommunicated and apostate" who support the Reds or "those parties which make common cause with Communism." In parish after parish across Italy the Reds lost strength. Yet in Don Camillo's own village of 400-odd people, the Reds gained. Vingone cast 210 votes for the Communists, only 78 for the Christian Democrats.

All around Don Camillo, the faithless ones who had voted for the party of atheism were busy with preparations for the season's No. 1 feast, the celebration of Corpus Christi. It was the annual great event in many a village like Vingone. Children scoured the hillsides searching for flowers to string into garlands for the streets. Mothers sewed on fancy-dress costumes for the procession of the Eucharist through the streets, while their husbands wielded paintbrush and hammer on the decorations. And lilting in every heart in the village was the thought of the wining, dining and dancing that would follow; in every heart, that is, but the heart of Don Camillo. Instead of joining the festive preparations, Don Camillo posted a notice in the church: "Tomorrow, on the feast of Corpus Christi, the customary procession will not be held in Vingone. Our Lord Jesus would have to pass through streets frequented by more than 200 people who with their anti-Christian votes publicly renounced and trampled upon God, the Church, religion and civilization . . . May God bless the innocent children who with profound love for our Lord gathered so many flowers."

Conspiration spread through the village, and soon afterward the news was all over Italy. Quivering with rage, Italy's chief Communist organ *L'Unità* reprinted the village priest's proclamation under the sneering three-column headline, **CHRIST UNDER ARREST**, and accused Don Camillo



FOREIGN MINISTER PINEAU (SECOND FROM LEFT) & FRIENDS*
Undismayed by the bones of previous victims.

of making Jesus his "private property" and of treating "Corpus Christi like a batch of spaghetti payable in return for the Christian Democrats' vote." Against these fulminations, Don Camillo found himself supported and praised by the Vatican's newspaper *Osservatore Romano*. Don Camillo, it said, correctly "deemed it improper that solemn homage to Christ should be rendered 'with their feet' by people who reject Him with their minds."

FRANCE

Christian & the Serpent

Feather and the Salmon, a fairy tale written some years ago by Christian Pineau, now France's Foreign Minister, tells of a little boy who is carried on a salmon's back to an island inhabited only by birds and a man-eating serpent. The boy, undismayed at the sight of the bones of previous victims, succeeds in establishing good relations with the serpent.

With all the other reading they have to do, it is unlikely that any of the shapers of U.S. foreign policy ever took time out to read *Feather and the Salmon*. Last week as elegant, 51-year-old Christian Pineau arrived in the U.S. "to coordinate our policies," it was apparent that they might have missed something.

Banker in Buchenwald. Six months ago, when Premier Guy Mollet named Pineau, rather than mercurial Pierre Mendès-France, as Foreign Minister, most of France's Allies were delighted. Here was a Socialist who had strongly supported EDC, staunchly resisted popular-front talk, and was given to saying things like "The American people must know that we love them." The son of an army officer and stepson of playwright Jean (*The Madwoman of Chaillot*) Giraudoux, Pineau had jumped from a promising banking career into the Socialist labor movement after the Bank of France fired him

for trying to unionize its employees. With the fall of France in 1940, this soft-looking ex-banker became one of the organizers of the resistance. Twice arrested by the Gestapo, he escaped the first time, but on his recapture was sent to Buchenwald, there spent 18 months. Yet for all the wrenching of body, mind and heart in Buchenwald, he was still a good European when he was liberated.

Link Between Blocs. Barely had Pineau moved into the Foreign Ministry, however, when his penchant for negotiating with serpents asserted itself. Two hours after an announcement that he and Premier Mollet had accepted an invitation to Moscow (TIME, March 12), Pineau unleashed a stinging attack on France's Allies for their failure to come forth with a "policy of peace." Said Pineau: "I shall systematically orient French policy toward cultural exchanges between East and West." In another speech Pineau gave France an even stronger push toward neutralism. Said he: "We want to remain a link between the blocs without renouncing our friendships."

Though the concept of France as a "link" was promptly and publicly disavowed by Mollet, Pineau continued to plump for greater trust in Russia, with more fervor and eloquence than any other statesman in Western Europe. Last week, on the eve of his departure for the U.S. (his twelfth visit since the war, his first as Foreign Minister), Pineau said that it is wrong to wonder if Soviet leaders sincerely desire peace. "In diplomacy," he observed, "facts are more important than intentions." He went on to argue that the West must take immediate steps to "liquidate" the cold war. Then, suiting action to words, he followed up with a major shuffle of French ambassadors and For-

* With Dag Hammarskjöld, Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. and new French Ambassador Hervé Alphand.



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sign Office brass designed, at least in part, to fill key diplomatic posts with men amenable to the Pineau policy of negotiating with the Reds.*

Since "the Soviet Union attaches a great importance to the lifting of the Iron Curtain," said Pineau, "it would be maladroit of us to seek to maintain the Iron Curtain." Almost as an afterthought, he added: "Of course we must take precautions."

BURMA

Expensive Lesson

Useless piles of cement still stood high on Rangoon's docks, tying up harbor traffic and running up demurrage charges. In all, 124,000 tons of it had been unloaded on an inexperienced Burmese trade delegation by Communist negotiators in return for surplus rice (TIME, May 21). Ordinarily, the Burmese would have been delighted by India's offer last week to buy 50,000 tons of it.

But India offered only \$24.67 a ton for the cement, which Burma had bartered from Russia, Czechoslovakia and East Germany at the exchange rate of \$29.12 a ton. India was not trying to pull a fast one: New Delhi said its bid was based on cement prices quoted to it directly by the Soviet Union. In its headlong rush to woo, Russia had been willing to sell more cheaply to India than to Burma, a country which in the Communist scale of things is not as important.

WESTERN EUROPE

Up to the Mark

In a Europe caught up in restrictive trade barriers, West Germany's hard-hitting Economic Affairs Minister Ludwig Erhard is a rarity: an influential man who wants to lower barriers. Erhard's energetic free-enterprise policy has had a lot to do with West Germany's sensational boom. If he had his way, neighboring countries would junk their restraints on currencies and trade, and everyone would benefit. For a starter, Dr. Erhard called last week for a wholesale revaluing of inflated West European currencies. Only three European currencies, said Erhard, are now valued correctly in terms of the dollar. The three: West Germany's Deutsche Mark, the Belgian franc, the Swiss franc.

"The real trouble," said Erhard, "is that we still do not have a true international price system. Prices in various countries are permitted to develop differently, and then existing exchange rates become unrealistic and governments take measures to defend them." In Erhard's own country, exports flow at a booming \$6.1 billion a year, and the currency is almost fully convertible. "If Britain had a fully convertible currency today, she

* Hervé Alphand, able head of the French U.N. Delegation, became the new French Ambassador to Washington, and was succeeded at the U.N. by Bernard Cornut-Gentille, 46, former Governor General of French West Africa but no experienced diplomat.



LUDWIG ERHARD
The price is wrong.

would not have a lot of the difficulties she is experiencing," said Erhard.

Last week the West German Government lifted practically all remaining quotas on dollar-import manufactures, and the Cabinet approved an Erhard plan to slash tariffs, and hold home prices down by letting more imports in. He had asked for a 30% tariff cut, but got only 10%. Even in his own country, powerful pressure groups (mainly the farm lobby) keep Erhard from practicing all he preaches.

ISRAEL

If I Forget Thee, O Jerusalem

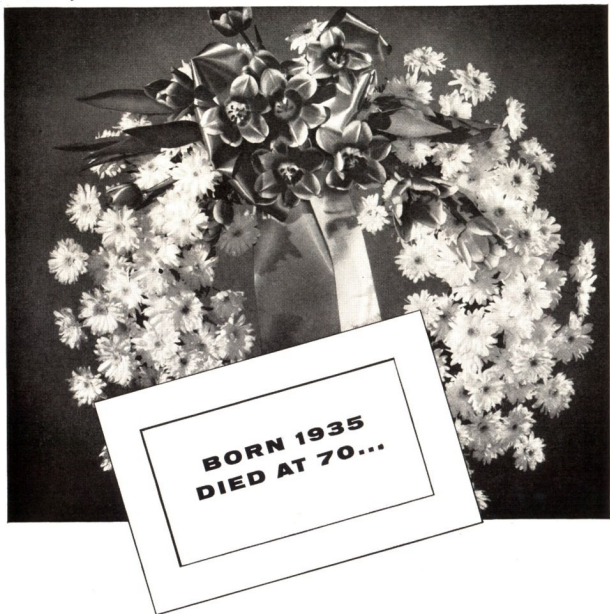
In the Promised Land of Israel, the "ingathering" of the Jews has always been the great dream, and "emigration" a wicked word. Last week leaders of the Israel Parliament set up a special committee to investigate the "social, economic and psychological reasons" for a sudden, alarming rise in emigration. In the first three months of 1956, 1,971 people left Israel, more than twice as many as during the same period last year. More disturbing to Zionists than the rise itself is the fact that most of the emigrants were well-established veterans with skills the little country can ill afford to lose. Most were doctors, dentists, businessmen, hotelkeepers, who gave high taxes and a bleak economic future as chief reasons for leaving. Most favored destinations: the U.S., South America, West Germany.

SWITZERLAND

The Men of the Forest

In the staid Swiss capital of Bern last week, plainclothesmen roamed the hotels, and scores of policemen accompanied by equally alert police dogs stood guard over the picturesque old town hall. Inside the town hall, which had been temporarily transformed into a courtroom, still more police kept a sharp eye on a polyglot crowd composed of some 120 newsmen,

"Unforeseen events . . . need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"



Seventy . . . miles per hour. He was young. Only twenty-one.

But he came of age only to die in the smoking wreckage of a shiny new convertible. A wonderful world lay ahead of him, yet he gambled this future for the thrill of a few seconds. He lost. And 38,000 others were killed last year in highway accidents . . . and 2,000,000 more injured.

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dozens of Iron Curtain refugees, and "servers" from Communist Rumania, China and Yugoslavia.

At the heart of all this furor were fanatic young men, the band of anti-Communist Rumanians who in February 1955 electrified the world by seizing Rumania's Bern legation and holding it for 42 hours before they surrendered to a small army of Swiss police backed up tanks (TIME, Feb. 28, 1955). Now, months later, the four were on trial before Switzerland's Federal Tribunal, charged with offenses ranging from espionage to the killing of Rumanian Legation Chamberlain Aurel Setu.

"A Bit Fantastic?" Leader of the band was 32-year-old Oliviu Beldeanu, a bearded six-footer who had passed his time in prison carving religious images. Testifying for almost two solid days, Beldeanu complained that he and his comrades had joined Rumania's underground, "The Movement of the Forest," following the execution or imprisonment of their parents by the Communists. Fleeing west in 1949, they had been embittered by Western indifference to Rumania's plight. "I wanted to show the world that legations of Eastern countries are spy centers," said Beldeanu.

The killing of Chauffeur Setu, insisted Beldeanu, was an accident. Convincing that Setu was trying to get a gun out of the legation car, one of the younger members of the band aimed at Setu's feet only to have his Sten gun jump and ride the chauffeur's body. Beldeanu admitted, however, that he had considered taking hostages and holding the legation until the Bucharest government liberated a number of prominent anti-Communists from Rumanian jails. "Don't you think this is a bit too fantastic?" asked Presiding Judge Paul Schwartz. "No," said Beldeanu firmly.

"I Know Criminals." Anxious not to compromise Swiss neutrality, Judge Schwartz resolutely steered Beldeanu away from any discussion of the contents of the 464 documents that the band had turned over to the Swiss police, and which the police—after a day's delay—had dutifully returned to the legation. Otherwise, the court heard defense witnesses out with obvious fascination, and when the prosecution began to present its witnesses, their statements frequently sounded more like letters of reference than like hostile testimony. "I know criminals when I see them," declared the prison warden. "These men are not criminals."

Summing up for the prosecution a week's end, Attorney General René Dubois himself sounded almost like a defense counsel, made it abundantly clear where Swiss sympathies lay. "The defendants' lives," said Dubois, "have not been happy . . . They learned political hatred, went from jail to jail." Then, although under Swiss law he could have demanded 20-year sentences on the murder charge alone, Dubois asked only six years' imprisonment for Beldeanu and shorter sentences for the other three Members of the Forest.

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THE HEMISPHERE

BOLIVIA

Victory by Default

Even before the voters headed for the polls this week, it was a sure thing that Government Candidate Hernán Siles Zuazo would be elected as Bolivia's new President. Reason: three days before the balloting, his only opposition, the Socialist Falange Party, withdrew all its candidates.

Falange Presidential Candidate Oscar Unzuaga de la Vega charged that President Victor Paz Estenssoro's National Revolutionary Movement (M.N.R.) had rigged election lists, confiscated Falange ballots and hindered the Falange campaign. Re-torted the M.N.R. weekly *Combate*: Unzuaga gave up simply because he realized he could not win. To be on the safe side, the government moved 3,000 militiamen into La Paz before election day, just in case the opposition tried to turn default into revolt.

On the Firing Line

Under its dusty pepper trees and somber eucalyptuses, the straggling town of Ucucreña (altitude: 8,500 ft.), in Bolivia's Cochabamba Valley, is outwardly quaint and tranquil. Indian women in bright dresses and stovepipe hats of white straw dog-trot along its streets, with babies and water jugs lashed to their backs, just as their forebears did 100 years ago. But all Bolivia knows that Ucucreña, by virtue of a turbulent role in the country's land-reform movement, is the symbol of the Indian farmer, now trying manfully to break away from centuries of serfdom and build a new way of life.

Will diligent infiltrators peddling Communism capture the sympathies of these newly aware and newly dignified men? Or will they be influenced by dedicated U.S. citizens who man the ramparts of the Point Four program? At Ucucreña last week the answer was clear: on this far-off firing line in the struggle for men's minds, the West was winning easily.

Soft-Voiced Moon. Twenty years ago, Ucucreña was part of a 7,000-acre estate based on a 400-year-old Spanish land grant. It was owned by a Roman Catholic convent and leased, with its 12,000 Indian families, to a powerful *patrón*. For the right to sharecrop small plots on a fifty-fifty basis, the *campesinos* had to till the *patrón's* big fields, and even submit to being rented out as labor.

In 1936 the Ucucreña Indians formed a farmers' union, succeeded after many setbacks in buying part of the estate. Their leader, José Rojas, was an idealistic reformer much taken with the preaching of Bolivian Marxists on the need for land reform. Ucucreña soon got known as a "Red" town. Its example helped lead to the sweeping expropriation and redistribution of estates in 1953 by the leftist (but non-Communist) government of President Victor Paz Estenssoro, which rules Bolivia today.

But though they had land, the *campesinos* lacked even basic know-how to get them through a period of drastic change. Into this unstable situation stepped a tall Oklahoman named Thomas J. Moon, a graduate of Texas A. & M., to take over Point Four's Inter-American Agricultural Service (SAI) in the Cochabamba Valley. Left-Winger Rojas' job as boss of the union of *campesinos* of Cochabamba soon thrust him into gingerly contact with the soft-voiced *norteamericano*. The meeting was an eye-opener to Rojas. Moon was obviously neither an imperialist nor a propagandist. All Moon wanted was Rojas' cooperation in getting on with the training of likely Bolivians as county agents to instruct the newly independent farmers.

Mutual Admiration. With Rojas' help, the county-agent program grew fast. Now SAI employs 870 Bolivians, led by 36 U.S. experts. Through demonstrations, flip charts, radio talks and movies narrated in Quechua, the local Indian language, 100,000 *campesinos* have learned the uses of chemical fertilizers, insecticides, high-yield seed and crop loans. Per-acre profits have gone up \$100 or more; some of the farmers have even bought trucks.

Ucucreña is rapidly trading in its old reputation as a center of radical ferment for new fame as a high producer of wheat and potatoes. Last week, after unseasonal frosts had ruined the potato crops in the 12,000-ft. highlands, Ucucreña easily supplied an extra 200 tons of top-quality seed potatoes to plant an out-of-season crop in the lower valleys. Black-haired José Rojas, now 43, and Moon are mutual admirers, and Rojas refuses even to comment on the bad old days when he was anti-U.S. "Instead of the vague promises

of the Communists," explains Joaquín de Lemoine Quiroga, governor of Cochabamba, "Point Four gave help, seeds, fertilizer and tools. The *campesino*, as an independent landowner, can form his own opinion."

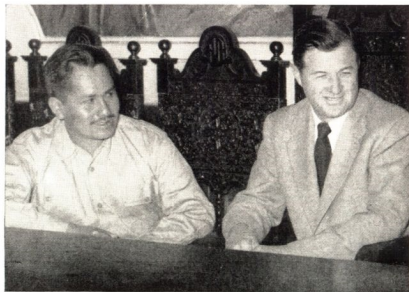
ARGENTINA

The Firing Squads

The Argentine uprising (TIME, June 18) was planned as no mere harassment of the government, but an all-out revolution. As President Pedro Aramburu reconstructed it, the plot's recruits came from groups that supported ex-Strongman Juan Perón: labor leaders, diehard Peronista bullyboys, cashed officials, Communists helped, and Perón sent funds. The uprising failed mainly because the government uncovered enough of it a fortnight ago to panic some hotheads into striking six days early. As a result, the twelve-hour revolt had only a fraction of its plotted impact; e.g., the planned wave of strikes never got started.

The dead seriousness of the plot explained the rough repression-by-execution that followed. The first 20 or so killings took place so soon after the shooting that they could be blamed on the heat of the battle. But the last score were formal executions, carried out mostly against insurgent military men. The condemned, blindfolded, stood against the wall late at night in barracks' squares or the yard of the National Penitentiary, and eight-man volunteer firing squads (four with live ammunition, four with blanks) shot them.

One of the two top plotters, General Juan José Valle, died in front of the rifles. The other, General Raul Tanco, escaped in disguise to asylum in the Haitian embassy. Pro-government vigilantes, waving machine guns, kidnaped him from his ref-



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Stepping into the cabin of the Boeing 707 jet Stratoliner "mock-up" model pictured above is like entering a spacious, gay-hued salon of complete luxury.

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tains. If, during flight, you find the sun overbright, simply pull up a recessed shade. It's tinted to shield you from glare, yet transparent to afford a view of the earth below. Should you wish to exclude all outside light, pull down another recessed shade, which is opaque.

Along the ceiling are five gracefully oveled dome lights, which, during evening flights, will dim down to the tranquil hue of dusk. And as darkness envelops the great Boeing jet, they will deepen to a star-flecked blue—creating the illusion of a serene night sky.

When the 600-mile-an-hour Boeing jet goes into service, early in 1959, you'll

find flight aboard virtually as vibration-free as relaxing in this cabin mock-up. Already eight major airlines have ordered fleets of Boeings: Air France, American Airlines, Braniff International Airways, Continental Air Lines, Lufthansa-German Airlines, Pan American World Airways, Sabena Belgian World Airlines and Trans World Airlines.

The Boeing 707 is the only American jet transport proven by a flight-tested prototype model. It benefits, in addition, from Boeing's unique background of experience in designing, building and flying more large, multi-jet aircraft than any other company in the world.

BOEING

uge and turned him over to the army for execution. But Aramburu, respecting the right of asylum, ordered Tanco to be sent back to the embassy, from where he will probably take safe foreign exile.

The executions, which pointedly disregarded long-standing laws against capital punishment, stirred misgivings among many Argentines, but no impressive wave of public criticism. Yet to be seen was whether the stern punishment would slow down the pace of plotting.

COLOMBIA

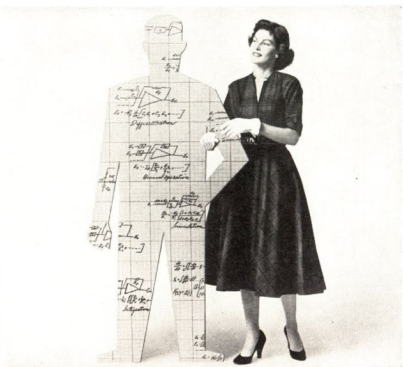
Third Force

Strongman Gustavo Rojas Pinilla last week ceremoniously founded a Third Force political movement for Colombia, the only country in South America that has preserved until now the once-standard two-party system. As Rojas explained it, the Third Force will make no pitch for support from the "odious politicians" and the "oligarchs" of the historic Liberal and Conservative Parties. Rather it will stand, like the old Peronista Party in Argentina, on two legs: labor and the army.

To get the movement started, Rojas marshaled army, navy and air force men in Bogotá's broad Plaza Bolívar on the third anniversary of his seizure of power. Ranged on a platform at the foot of the statue of Liberator Simón Bolívar were a tall crucifix and eight urns containing the ashes of Colombian soldiers who fought in the Korean war and in the country's own backlands guerrilla war. Rojas then read off a solemn oath, swearing the servicemen, in the name of Jesus Christ and in the memory of Simón Bolívar, to "fight for the domination of the Third Force until Colombians lay down their political hatreds before the national banner." They took the oath. Next afternoon, at Bogotá's Campín stadium, Rojas likewise swore in a throng of youth, labor, farm and women's groups.

Three years ago, when Rojas stepped into power to stop a bloody civil war between rural Liberals and Conservatives, he had the enthusiastic backing of big majorities in both parties. He dribbled away his prestige among Colombia's literate upper crust, which includes the top politicians of both parties, by such despotic measures as closing newspapers wholesale and bloodily repressing student demonstrations. But Rojas feels certain that labor and peasants no longer look to the old Liberal and Conservative politicians for leadership. He hopes to sweep the disillusioned into the Third Force.

In bidding for political support, Rojas can no longer claim the popular role of hero-peacemaker. The rural war has flared up again, with discontented backlanders increasingly joining guerrilla bands. In Tolima department last month, troops reportedly rounded up several hundred villagers in an area where several soldiers had been shot from ambush, and as a ruthless gesture of reprisal killed 80 or more of the prisoners. Rojas himself disclosed recently that the official war-death count for January was 390.



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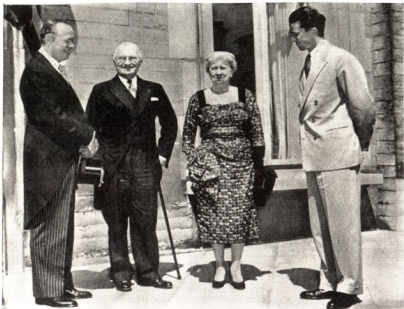
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PEOPLE



THE TRUMANS & AMBASSADOR ALGER VISITING BELGIUM'S KING BAUDOUIN
Galloping but not running.

Names make news. Last week these names made this news.

Continuing his galloping gander at Europe, tireless Tourist **Harry Truman** returned to France and Gay Paree, where he made a brief speech on the stresses of the U.S. presidency, indicating that a young man should occupy the White House. How young is young? Truman did not say, except to reaffirm that he, at 72, knows his own "running-for-office days are over." Two days later, in Brussels, he made it clear that he considers **Dwight D. Eisenhower** young enough at 65 to run for re-election. Asked by a Belgian newsmen whether the Democrats would welcome a decision by Ike to quit the race because of poor health, Harry replied: "I am hopeful that President Eisenhower's health will be good and will make him able to enter the presidential race." While in Brussels, Truman and wife **Bess** also got themselves up in go-to-meetin' attire, joined U.S. Ambassador to Belgium **Frederick M. Alger Jr.** in a palace visit with Belgium's young, informally dressed **King Baudouin**.

Party-lining Comedian **Charlie Chaplin**, 65, left the U.S. in 1952 and wound up in self-exile in Switzerland. Not long after his exit, he began liquidating all his known U.S. assets. Before surrendering his U.S. re-entry permit in 1953, British-Subject Chaplin, a U.S. resident for 42 years, made \$2.7 million, according to a tab kept by U.S. revenooers, from dividends and sale of stocks and his movie studio. Last week the income-taxers announced that Millionaire Chaplin owes them about \$1.1 million in arrears and interest. This fall a revenooer will jour-

ney to Switzerland for an unfriendly chat with Charlie. But the mission seems doomed to fail; unless Chaplin antes up the debt voluntarily (most unlikely), there is little of his left in the U.S. to grab besides some old derbies, canes and turned-up brogans.

The Air Force's rocket-sledding Lieut. Colonel **John Paul Stapp** (TIME, Sept. 12, 1955), world's swiftest (632 m.p.h.) land-borne man, was restricted to "routine," low-speed runs, ordered to quit torturing himself for science on the meteoric, eye-blackening sled trials. Explaining that Stapp was unhappy to be "grounded," an Air Force spokesman added: "He has really crowded the limit of human tolerance. We don't believe he or anyone should stretch his luck any further."

Poet **Archibald MacLeish**, bucking the pessimistic tide that often damns man's material progress, dashed off a ten-stanza *Poem in a Festival of Art in Boston at the Public Garden*, then headed there to read it. Gist of *Poem*: "Is it the city or heart that's wrong . . . / O hush! There is a silence in this place. / For all the chattering gears that grind, a grace / Of present expectation in this ground . . . / No city stands but is the image of the heart."

At a Liberal Party rally in Ontario, Canada's External Affairs Secretary **Lester Pearson** drew a broad distinction between living standards on opposite sides of the Iron Curtain. "I have a little three-room summer cottage in [Quebec's] Gati-neau hills," said he. "When I go there, I like to cook my own meals. When I was invited to **Mr. Khrushchev's** summer home in the Crimea last fall, it turned

out to be a palace with 150 rooms. But then, he's a Communist Party leader. I'm not even a capitalist!"

Bracing himself to cover both the Democratic and Republican national conventions this summer, Author **John (In Dubious Battle) Steinbeck** was slightly worried at never having attended that sort of big political show. Last month Reporter Steinbeck, engaged to dope out the conventions for the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and some 25 other newspapers, sent a help-wanted letter to the dean of Northwestern University's School of Journalism, Kenneth E. Olson. Excerpts from his waggish call for the perfect legman: "I want a combination copy boy, telephone answerer, coffee maker . . . an eavesdropper and Peeping Tom, a gossip and preferably a liar . . . At the end of the [Chicago] convention he is finished, through, his career terminated and any attempt at blackmail will be strenuously resisted . . . He is the patsy and I want him never to forget it. I'm getting mad at him already . . ." Last week Steinbeck picked his "queen's animal." Tom Deuschle, 38, ex-Chicago *Sun* newshawk and now a Loop pressagent, agreed to take the masochistic assignment.

To globe-circling Indonesian President **Sukarno**, whose republic is an infant democracy, **Pope Pius XII** passed on an ideal of democratic maturity: "Tranquility and order, security and liberty under divine justice, so that citizens can [achieve] physical, intellectual and moral progress." Moslem Sukarno agreed.

Before hopping off on his inspection of nuclear-weapons testing grounds at Eniwetok and Bikini, snow-capped Defense Secretary **Charles E. Wilson** watched with vital interest as two B-52 crewmen snapped him into his parachute harness.



SECRETARY WILSON & CREWMEN
Snapped before hopping.

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you make your decision for Cadillac. It comes in addition to the car's great beauty—its outstanding performance—and its marvelous comfort and handling ease. We suggest that you visit your dealer for a personal appraisal of the 1956 Cadillac—and to learn why this is such a wonderful season to make the move, both for delivery and economy.

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MEDICINE

Polio Progress

When a legion of doctors gathered in Chicago last week to swelter through the annual convention of the American Medical Association, they had not long to wait for the news that interested them—and their patients—the most. How is the Salk polio vaccine working out?

In a jam-packed session on Navy Pier, four experts led by Vaccinator Jonas Salk pronounced a favorable verdict. One year and 40 million inoculations after the initial flurry of accidents, controversy and fumbling, the vaccine has been vindicated. Said Dr. Salk in an unwontedly cautious, indirect statement: "Inferences that the theoretical considerations were unsound or were not applicable . . . seem not to have been supported by time."

Surgeon General Leonard Scheele of the U.S. Public Health Service happily backed up Salk's rebuttal to his won-

nels to druggists and M.D.s. Scheele urged doctors to give high-priority coverage to children under 15 and to pregnant women.

Scheele based his plea on heartening statistics. In studies covering 8,500,000 children in 22 states and New York City last year, the overall attack rate among vaccinated children, most of whom had but a single injection, showed only 6.3 polio cases per 100,000. Among the unvaccinated, the attack rate was almost five times as high: 29.2 cases per 100,000.

Eventually, every U.S. child can expect polio immunization, reported Dr. Salk. If properly administered, he said, the vaccine would give close to 100% protection against paralytic polio. In a 1955-56 study of 4,167 children, he found that only 4.8% had sufficient polio antibodies before vaccination. After the first shot, 43% had protection against all three polio virus types. After the third dose, administered a year later, 98.5% were found to have three-way immunity. Salk emphasized his prescription of a three-shot schedule: two shots two to six weeks apart, and the third about seven months later. But even one shot is far better than none, for it may protect the central nervous system (where polio does its worst damage).

Protection for All. Johns Hopkins University's famed Epidemiologist David Bodian, long skeptical of the Salk approach, also stood up to pronounce the vaccine "safe and effective." He prophesied that polio will disappear as a major health threat in the U.S. (within two to four years was the general consensus). Dr. Bodian theorizes that the virus excreted by a naturally infected patient or carrier comes from two sources: 1) from some areas of the gut infected by swallowed virus, and 2) from other areas infected by virus that has passed through the bloodstream. Since the bloodstream phase should be easily preventable by Salk vaccine, even though the primary infection may not be, vaccination may still cut down the amount of virus that an infected person puts out in his cough or feces. This suggests a "distinct possibility" that the entire U.S. population can be protected against polio, as it is against smallpox, by a more limited program of inoculating young children, the small minority group of most active carriers.

While the researchers were reporting their constructive best, the A.M.A.'s House of Delegates was at work to spoil the taste. They passed a resolution demanding that the U.S. Government get out of the business of distributing free polio vaccine (with a \$57.8 million appropriation) and turn the entire flow back into "normal, commercial channels." Only exceptions would be for "essential public-health needs" (unspecified) and cases where parents would take a pauper's oath to get free protection against polio for their children. Doctors get from \$1 to \$10 for the simple administration of one polio shot. The resolution illustrated the



Francis Di Gennaro

EPIDEMIOLOGIST BODIAN
From skeptic to advocate.

silenced critics (the most vociferous were not even invited to appear on the program). Since May of last year, when Scheele imposed stricter controls to guard against faulty vaccine, "there has been no . . . evidence that any lot of [commercial] vaccine has been unsafe." From the millions of shots given to date, no more than one "suspicious" polio attack has come out of each big lot—a figure, according to Scheele, "well within the limit of expected coincidence."

Women & Children First. The main vaccine problem is supply, which is still far behind demand, although 69 million cc. have been released. Of the expanding monthly output (9,500,000 cc. in May), 60% now goes to public agencies for free clinics and distribution to local doctors. The rest goes through normal sales chan-

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Parker House

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Choice plum in New England's historical pudding is Boston's famed Parker House, itself a tradition, an integral part of New England's life. Soon to celebrate a century of service, the Parker House is today a completely modern building... ideal headquarters for a few days of browsing around Boston, it offers excellent accommodations*, superior service, grand "vittles".

With indications that 1956 will bring millions of visitors to Boston and New England, the Parker House will again send without charge its popular brochure, "Boston is a Browsing Town," to those who request it. It is a colorful map guide to Boston's historic shrines and points of interest. Copies will cheerfully be sent to anyone writing name and address on a postal card and mailing it to the hotel.

New Addition...

Now a proud member of the select group of Sherratt Hotels, and open for its first summer vacation season under Parker House management, is renowned Eastern Slope Inn, invigorating White Mountains all-year vacation resort located in the picturesque town of North Conway, New Hampshire—only about 135 miles from Boston. To acquaint TIME readers with its diversified facilities and attractions, those writing for the Boston brochure will also receive descriptive material on Eastern Slope Inn.

*Rooms at the Parker House begin at \$6.50. All have circulating ice-water, private bath, 4-network radio. It is suggested that when possible guests make reservations in advance.

Parker House
BOSTON

A NEW ENGLAND INSTITUTION

A.M.A.'s split personality: the vast majority of A.M.A. members are dedicated to the art and science of healing, but collectively they often show more interest in preventing than preventive medicine.

Research Reports

Some advances on the frontiers of medicine as reported last week to the A.M.A.:

☐ Anesthesia for major surgery is usually a complex procedure to kill pain, induce sleep and relax the muscles, and needs half a dozen chemicals. From the Brooklyn VA Hospital, Drs. Henry I. Lipson and Henry R. Bradford reported that they can achieve all three results more simply by giving a narcotic, alphaprodine, in combination with a narcotic antagonist to cut down the danger of arresting the breathing mechanism. In 78 cases of major surgery (including 22 in the abdomen, 5 in the heart, 21 in the brain and 10 in the chest) and 146 cases of minor surgery, they got by in 84 cases with no other anesthetic, and used only a local in 103. A main advantage of the method: it induces a light "sleep state," from which the patient arouses quickly.

☐ Compounds of salicylic acid, paraminobenzoic acid, tannic acid and their derivatives absorb the sun's skin-burning rays, said the University of Chicago's Dermatologist Stephen Rothman, and they can be used in anti-sunburn lotions. Also, they permit tanning without burning. As some South Pacific veterans will attest, anti-malarial drugs such as Atabrine also protect against sunburn when taken by mouth.

☐ It is doubtful that any treatment so far devised for chronic lymphocytic leukemia (a form of leukemia that affects older adults) prolongs the patient's life, said Marquette University's Dr. Anthony V. Pisciotto, but it is possible to prolong useful life by transfusions, X ray and drug treatments which reduce unsightly tumor masses and control anemia. Two effective drugs: T.E.M. and a new one named chlorambucil.

☐ Parasitic diseases once thought peculiar to the south and the tropics are spreading north, reported the University of Illinois' Drs. Carroll L. Birch and Basil P. Anast. Mass migrations from south to north have carried with them hookworm, whipworm and ascarides. Immigrants in the thousands from the West Indies have brought the parasites of schistosomiasis and filariasis. Hookworm, whipworm and *Schistosoma mansoni* began to appear in northern cities only in 1950; years ahead of them were the amoeba (a cause of chronic dysentery) and pinworm. Estimated schistosomiasis cases in New York City, 70,000; in Chicago, 2,000.

☐ When a small boy swallowed a nail which lodged in the jejunum (second part of the small bowel), Atlanta's Dr. Murdoch Equen made him swallow a tiny but powerful Alnico permanent magnet attached to a string. When the magnet grabbed the nail, Dr. Equen pulled the string and slowly worked the nail up through the digestive tract and out the boy's mouth. In seven years he took



Jay Leviton—Black Star
PHYSICIAN EQUEN

Assorted hardware on a string.

assorted hardware from the insides of 16 other youngsters, but then met a stubborn case where a nail had been stuck in a boy's duodenum for three weeks. The little magnet would not budge it. So the doctor got two bigger magnets, placed them over the boy's body above the little one, and thus gave it their added pull. By moving them over a snaky course following the loops of the duodenum and stomach, he got his nail.

Death in the Hospital

Mrs. Marion duMont, 55, was not seriously ill when she checked into Newton-Wellesley Hospital of Newton, Mass., one day last week. She was to be X-rayed for backache next day, so it seemed convenient to check in and get a good rest the night before. Mrs. duMont and her husband had hardly settled down for a chat when a nurse came in, started to give Mrs. duMont an injection, then discovered that she had the wrong patient. Another nurse entered with a jigger of medicine and a glass of water. "How do you know this is right?" Robert duMont asked. "You've got to trust someone," said his wife, and gulped it down.

An instant later Mrs. duMont blanched, tried to speak but could not. Her lips turned blue. Minutes later she was dead. A few doors away, at almost the same time, Gordon M. McMullin, 53, died in the same way. Quick autopsies showed that both patients had been dosed with sodium nitrite, a powerful poison used as a hospital cleansing agent, instead of sodium phosphate, a mild cathartic. Shocked hospital authorities refused to explain the matter until they had made an investigation, but the district attorney's office, opening a full-scale inquiry, indicated that an employee of the hospital pharmacy had been temporarily transferred to other work. He apparently had reached for the wrong container.

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for precision instruments



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EDUCATION

Report Card

¶ In Boston, one of the most publicized cases that grew out of Joe McCarthy's career as wild-swinging slayer of subversive dragons came to an end. Because of insufficient evidence, the Government announced that it was dropping the prosecution of Harvard Physicist Wendell Furry, charged with contempt for refusing to answer the Senator's questions.

¶ Gift of the week: from John D. Rockefeller Jr., \$1,000,000 to Dartmouth College for Dartmouth's new social and creative arts center (TIME, Feb. 20).

¶ Resignation of the week: Samuel Brownell, brother of U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr., as U.S. Commissioner of Education. Termed a "valued adviser" by President Eisenhower, Brownell will take up his new duties next fall as school superintendent of Detroit at \$30,000 a year.

The Times Follow

To the *yangban* (noblemen) of Seoul, the whole fantastic scheme seemed as sinister a foreign plot as had ever been brought to Korea. Never before had the country had a school for women, and now an American Methodist Episcopal missionary named Mary Scranton was opening one with the obvious purpose of corrupting Korean womanhood. There were even rumors, back in 1886, that a girl who dared to go there might have her eyes cut out by the missionaries for medical research.

The school called Ewha Haktang (Pear Flower Study House) did change the women of Korea, but the change consisted in raising them from their role as illiterate, household servants to a status they had never known before. This week, at 70,

Ewha is not only the largest (4,800 students) women's university in Korea, it is also one of the most respected of all the nation's universities. Said President Syngman Rhee at the 70th anniversary celebration: "I express my thanks to God that our women's university has grown so large and will continue to grow. For the past 70 years, Ewha has steadfastly gone forward with a good, true goal."

Death of a Patron. Few campuses anywhere in the world have traveled more resolutely towards their goal over a more precarious road. Ewha was at first such a suspect place that its pupils went about in veils to conceal their identity. But the school did have one powerful patron—patriotic Queen Min, who in 1895 was to meet death in her own palace at the hands of Japanese infiltrators. By 1910, when Japan finally annexed Korea, the idea of education for women was so well established that Ewha began adding college courses.

The Japanese soon found Ewha to be a hotbed of resistance. In March 1919, after Korea abortively declared its independence, the girls of Ewha were out in the street shouting "*Mansei!*" ("Ten thousand years for Korea!") with the best of them. One even became something of a legend. She was 15-year-old Yoo Kwan Soon, who saw her parents murdered and was herself imprisoned for the crime of sewing small Korean flags.

Survival of a Campus. The Japanese tried to control Ewha by forbidding the teaching of English and Christianity and by deporting the school's foreign teachers. But, says Ewha's President Helen Kim, "they had a hard time. The Japanese hoped we would rather die out. But we didn't die." In 1950 the Communists ran into much the same situation. They took

over the school's buildings, but by the time they did, President Kim and 900 students had fled to set up shop in 50 tents on a hillside above Pusan.

Today Ewha has colleges of liberal arts, music and fine arts, law and political science, medicine, pharmacy and education. It runs 70 laboratories, two hospitals, two kindergartens, two demonstration schools. Though a goodly proportion (68% this year) of its graduates go into teaching, many are married to top figures in Korea (among them: Lee Ki Poong, speaker of the National Assembly; Kim Tai Sun, mayor of Seoul; Admiral Sohn Won Il, former Defense Minister; Choi Kyu Nam, Education Minister). Men with Ewha wives still call themselves *Pan-kwon* (the Henpecked), but the term is now used with pride. "Ewha's struggle," says President Kim, "is more than a mere educational movement. It is a women's movement for the emancipation of women and the cause of women as a whole . . . The times follow us, rather than our following the times."

Kudos

Boston College

John F. Kennedy, U.S. Senator from Massachusetts . . . LL.D.
Peter J. W. Debye, Nobel Prize-winning chemist . . . D.Sc.
Charles Munch, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra . . . D.Mus.

Colgate University

Arthur T. Vanderbilt, chief justice of New Jersey . . . D.C.L.
Allen Tate, poet . . . Litt.D.

Fordham University

Robert F. Wagner, Mayor of New York City . . . LL.D.
Myron C. Taylor, presidential representative to the Vatican under Roosevelt and Truman . . . L.H.D.

Harvard University

John Cowles, publisher of the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune* . . . LL.D.
John Sloan Dickey, president of Dartmouth College . . . LL.D.
Felix Frankfurter, Associate Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court . . . LL.D.
George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury . . . LL.D.
Senator John F. Kennedy . . . LL.D.

Citation: "Brave officer, able Senator, son of Harvard; loyal to party, he remains steadfast to principles."

Sinclair Weeks, industrialist, now Secretary of Commerce . . . LL.D.
Conductor Charles Munch . . . Mus.D.
John F. Enders, Nobel Prize-winning bacteriologist . . . D.Sc.

Kenyon College

Katharine Cornell, actress and great-great-granddaughter of Kenyon's third president . . . Litt.D.

Citation: "Great servant of art, not only as the pride of the American stage . . . but also as a pioneer beating a way across and up and down the land for the



EWHA STUDENTS IN ANNIVERSARY FOLK DANCE
The henpecked point with pride.



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... you have served your country as
well as your art."

Guthrie McClintic, producer...Litt.D.

University of Nebraska

Darryl Zanuck, independent film producerL.H.D.

University of Pennsylvania

Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., U.S. Representative to the U.N.....L.L.D.

Princeton University

Aaron Copland, composer Mus.D.

Henry Eyring, professor of chemistry, dean of the graduate school at the University of Utah.....D.Sc.

Edmund Wilson, critic Litt.D.

Helen Hayes, actress D.F.A.

Henry Townley Heald, chancellor of New York University L.L.D.

Arthur Lehman Goodhart, expert on constitutional law and first American chosen to be head of an Oxford University college L.L.D.

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, India's Minister of Health L.L.D.

Lester Bowles Pearson, since 1948, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs L.L.D.

Temple University

Mrs. Oswald B. Lord, U.S. representative on the U.N. Commission on Human Rights L.L.D.

Admiral Arthur W. Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff L.L.D.

Herbert Hoover Jr., Under Secretary of State L.L.D.

University of Wisconsin

Benjamin Minge Duggar, discoverer of aureomycin D.Sc.

Yale University

Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany L.L.D.

Citation: "Your personal example of integrity and virtue, transcending national boundaries, compels the admiration of the world and rouses the hopes of Christendom."

General Maxwell Davenport Taylor, Chief of Staff, U.S. Army L.L.D.

Irving S. Olds, retired board chairman of U.S. Steel Corp. L.L.D.

Amos Niven Wilder, Hollis professor of divinity at Harvard D.D.

Citation: "To scholarship you have brought an understanding of the questions which modern man puts to the life of Christ. As a critic—being yourself a poet—you have clarified the spiritual urgency that informs the outstanding poetry of our time."

Robert Burns Woodward, professor of chemistry at Harvard, chief synthesizer of reserpine D.Sc.

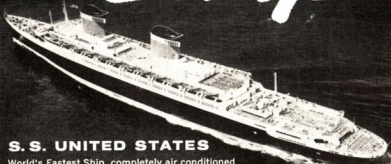
Sir Richard Livingstone, former vice chancellor of Oxford Litt.D.

George Wiley Sherrburn, emeritus professor of English at Harvard L.H.D.

Stephen Galatti, director general of the American Field Service M.A.

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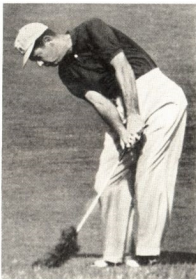
MORE PEOPLE HAVE BOUGHT PIPERS THAN ANY OTHER PLANE IN THE WORLD

"I'm Not Sorry"

When the world's best professional and amateur golfers gathered at Rochester's Oak Hill Country Club last week for the 56th National Open, there was a hot sun in the sky and nerve-twanging tension in the air. Before the first round was done, scurrying officials had to flip four times through their complex rule books (sample heading: Hole Made by Burrowing Animal) to settle rubarbbs, including one in favor of Henry Cotton, oldtime monarch of British golf, who was accused of not owning up to an extra stroke. "I said I didn't have a go at it," sniffed Henry, "and those other two chaps [playing companions Jimmy Demaret and Cary Middlecoff] said I did have a go at it."

Under such pressure, Sam Snead, 44, took 40 goes at it to finish nine holes (five over par), which assured his 16th defeat in 16 tries at the Open. Jack Fleck, last year's winner, did not even qualify for the final two rounds. When the 51 finalists lined up for the last 36 holes on the lush green course, an affable, free-swinging Australian named Peter Thomson, 26, held the lead by a single stroke over Old Pro Ben Hogan, out for his fifth Open title. Rangy Cary Middlecoff, 35, the Memphis dentist, was only two strokes back, even though he had taken horrendous sevens to fill two of the cavities in the first two rounds. "If I'd been putting," said Middlecoff matter-of-factly after finishing the first round with 71, "I'd have been in the 60s."

Halfway through the third round, his putts rolling string-straight, cool Cary took the lead by a single stroke. Then, shooting cautious, slow-motion golf, the man who learned the game at the hide-and-seek age of seven turned on the pressure, played the last 27 holes in even par. On the last hole he was off to the left of the green behind a sand trap after his second shot, Middlecoff puffed on a cigarette for a moment, then chipped deftly. The



DENTIST MIDDLECOFF
72 fillings in 281.

ball rolled dead two feet from the pin. He holed out with a 281 for 72 holes, then headed for the clubhouse to sweat out the finishes of his challengers.

As it happened, Middlecoff had a fairly cool time of it. Limping on his game left leg, grim Ben Hogan, 43, cracked on the next-to-last green. Fidgeting with nervousness as he stood within grasping distance of his fifth Open title, Ben missed a three-footer, missed a stroke back at 282. Then the only other men Middlecoff had to worry about, Julius Boros of Southern Pines, N.C. and Ted Kroll of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., put themselves out. Middlecoff heard from a TV announcer that Kroll had flubbed his last chance on the 16th. Middlecoff grinned into a camera and told the nation: "Ted is a good friend." But, added the winner of the \$25,000 Open, "I'm not sorry."



RUNNER JONES



SHOTPUTTER O'BRIEN
A peck of medals in the Olympics' heart?

Afraid of the Big Bad Bear?

The tall, redheaded sprinter with the free-floating stride made his bid on the turn of the 200-meter dash. Challenging for the lead, Dave Sime, the world's fastest man (TIME, Jan. 30 *et seq.*) and the nation's prime Olympic prospect in two events, suddenly grimaced, slowed to a painful hobble with a pulled groin muscle.

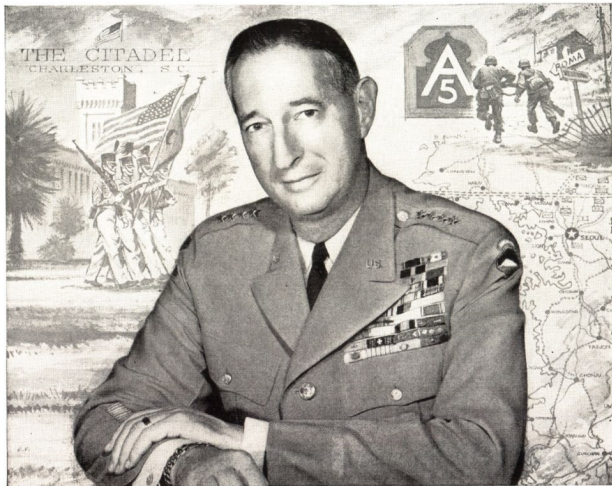
Because of the U.S. Olympic Committee's self-imposed arbitrary method of selecting the U.S. Olympic team, the injury suffered by Dave Sime last week may keep him from running the 200-meter dash in the games at Melbourne this November. The U.S. team will automatically be picked from the top men in the Olympic tryouts at month's end, but Sime's injury was not likely to heal in time to let him first qualify in the 200 meters at a pretrial meet this week in the National A.A.U. championships at Bakersfield, Calif. Fortunately, Sime qualified in the 100-meter dash (time: a fair 0:10.6) last week in the intercollegiate championships at Berkeley, Calif. before pulling up lame.

But even with its fastest runner restricted, the U.S. found good reason last week to hope for a peck of gold medals at Melbourne in track and field events—the heart of the Olympics. Warming up for the Olympic tryouts, the nation's collegiate stars broke one U.S. and nine meet records (winner of the meet: U.C.L.A.) at Berkeley, while the nation's fastest and/or strongest servicemen in short pants broke one world and two American records in the interservice championships at Los Angeles. In all, athletes in the two meets beat Olympic marks in four events, tied in another.

All year long, American athletes have been popping records like soap bubbles, so far have set new world marks in ten events. In the 24 Olympic track and field events, U.S. athletes right now are good bets to win 13 first places, and, in a few—the pole vault, shotput, 800 meters, etc.—Americans may well finish one-two-three. Nine long-legged American Olympic prospects have high-jumped higher than the



Associated Press; Lannie Wilson
SPRINTER SIME



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Mark W. Clark

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Olympic record (6 ft. 8½ in. by the U.S.'s Walter Davis); three have tossed the shot over 60 ft. (far past the Olympic mark of 57 ft. 1½ in. and the equivalent in the muscle-set of the four-minute mile). A quartet of pole vaulters has cleared 15 ft.—three-quarters of an inch above the games' mark. In addition, American sprinters and middle-distance men are thick—and fast—as gazelles.

Top Olympic prospects: Shotputter **Parry O'Brien**, the rugged, big (6 ft. 3 in., 235 lbs.) Californian who smashed his own world record this last week with a flip of 61 ft. 4 in.; Dashman **Lou Jones** of the Second Army, world record holder in the 400 meters at 0:45.4, who was 0.3 sec. off that time last week; Middle-Distance Runner **Arnie Sowell**, a wisp of a Negro with the delicate legs of a thoroughbred, who set an American record in the 800 meters at 1:46.7, just a second slower than the world's record; and, of course, **Dave Sime**, world record holder in the 220-yd. dash and the 220-yd. low hurdles, and co-holder of the world's record in the 100-yd. dash. As a backstop to Sime, Abilene Christian's Bobby Morrow qualified for the final tryouts last week with a 100-meter dash of 0:10.4 and a 200-meter run of 0:20.6.

With American trackmen improving every week, the notion that the regimentalized Russians will skunk the Americans in Melbourne seems as obsolete as the 4½-minute mile. J. Lyman Bingham, executive director of the U.S. Olympic Association, glanced over the results of the week's two meets, then happily made a flat prediction: "We'll have the best team we've ever had."

Scoreboard

☐ Kentucky Derby Winner Needles loafed along in last place for nearly a mile, then galloped full-out down the stretch to win the 88th running of the \$119,650 Belmont Stakes last week and establish his claim as the nation's best three-year-old.

☐ After his Milwaukee Braves had slipped from first place in the National League to fifth in 13 days, jolly, banjo-strumming Charlie Grimm last week sadly submitted his resignation as manager, was replaced by Coach Fred Haney, who led the lack-luster, last-place Pirates of 1953-55.

☐ On Lake Onondaga at Syracuse, N.Y., Cornell's brilliant eight-man crew easily won the 54th Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta, began to point for the Olympic tryouts on June 28 and the veteran Navy crew (now the Admirals) that won the Olympics in 1952. Meanwhile, Yale, another Olympic threat, rowed merrily down the Thames at New London, Conn. to defeat ancient rival Harvard for the 54th time in 104 meetings.

☐ In the season's biggest trade, the seventh-place New York Giants swapped four players even with the St. Louis Cardinals, got a lift when Red Schoendienst, their new second baseman, hit a homer while Shortstop Al Dark and First Baseman Whitely Lockman were spoiling their debuts as Cards by making three errors.



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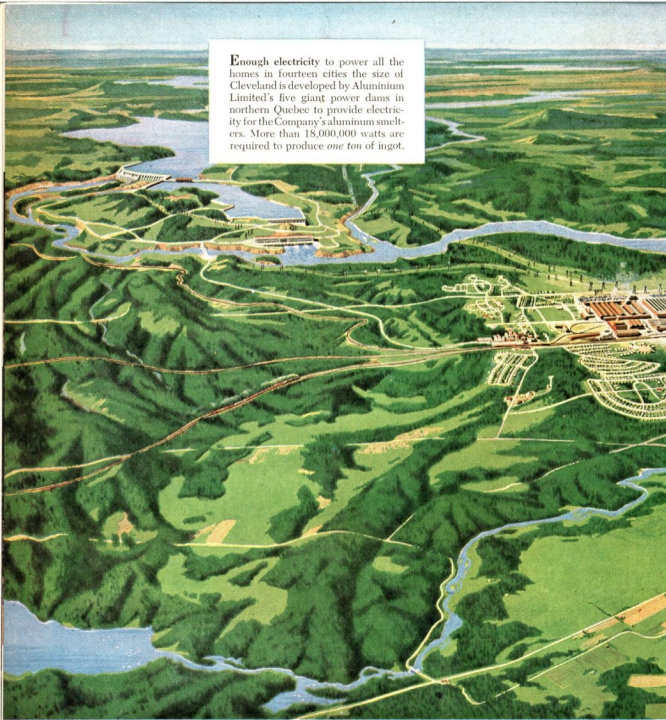
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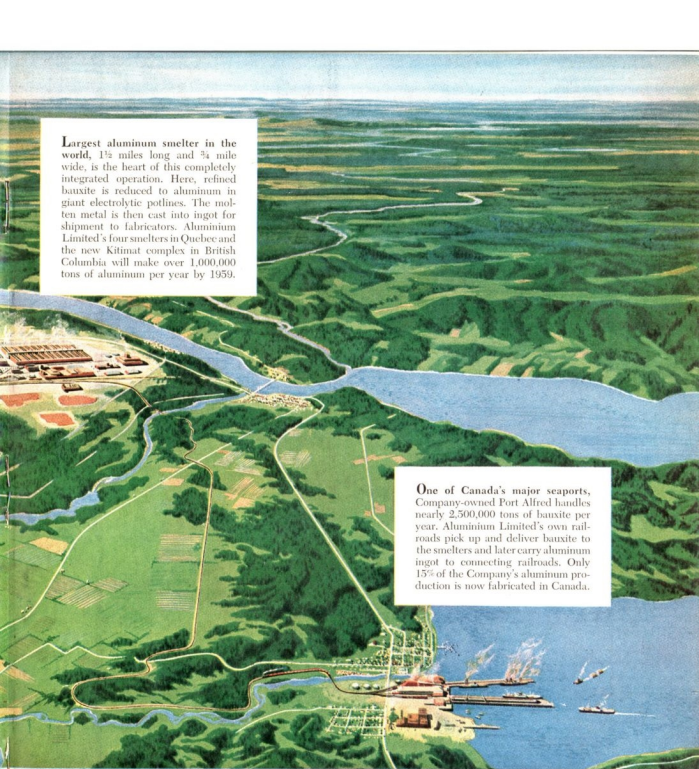
An aerial photograph showing a large industrial complex, likely an aluminum smelter, situated in a lush green landscape. The complex features several large buildings and a network of roads. A river flows through the scene, and power lines are visible crisscrossing the terrain. The overall scene depicts a blend of industrial activity and natural beauty.

Enough electricity to power all the homes in fourteen cities the size of Cleveland is developed by Aluminium Limited's five giant power dams in northern Quebec to provide electricity for the Company's aluminum smelters. More than 18,000,000 watts are required to produce *one ton* of ingot.

Birthplace of Aluminum from Canada

Aluminum from Canada has long played a vital role in helping supply the soaring aluminum needs of U.S. industry. It has played a part in America's continental defense program. Why? Aluminum is a product of one of Canada's greatest natural resources: water power. It is an important factor in the daily flow of trade which makes the United States and Canada each other's best customer.

Few areas of the world are better endowed than Canada for efficient aluminum production through



Largest aluminum smelter in the world, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile wide, is the heart of this completely integrated operation. Here, refined bauxite is reduced to aluminum in giant electrolytic potlines. The molten metal is then cast into ingot for shipment to fabricators. Aluminium Limited's four smelters in Quebec and the new Kitimat complex in British Columbia will make over 1,000,000 tons of aluminum per year by 1959.

One of Canada's major seaports, Company-owned Port Alfred handles nearly 2,500,000 tons of bauxite per year. Aluminium Limited's own railroads pick up and deliver bauxite to the smelters and later carry aluminum ingot to connecting railroads. Only 15% of the Company's aluminum production is now fabricated in Canada.

her vast wealth of hydroelectric power close to seaports. Fortunately, these sites are far from busy industrial centers that compete for electric power. Yet Canada uses less than one-sixth of its aluminum production. Thus, geographically and logically, Canada is an important partner in today's growing U.S. aluminum industry.

Aluminium Limited's main role in the United States is to supply primary aluminum to metal fabricators, large and small. This year it will deliver

more than 250,000 tons of aluminum to this rapidly expanding industry.

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MUSIC

Theater of the Ear

Just as on Broadway, *My Fair Lady* is a smash hit of the record industry. On the market for nine weeks, Columbia Records had shipped some 200,000 LP recordings of the show (list price: \$4.98) by the end of last week, and orders were coming in at a joyous rate of some 10,000 a day—or at about the clip of a good-selling pop single. Equally gratifying to showfolk was the advance order for two versions, single LP and big (3 LP) album, of Broadway's latest hit musical, *The Most Happy Fella*, which, at more than \$500,000, was even bigger than *My Fair Lady*'s had been. The figures added up to robust new evidence that the recorded



SHOWFOLK ANDREWS & HARRISON
Put into the mike.

Broadway musical has come into its own as a mass-entertainment medium, as important to U.S. listeners as opera is to Italians, a kind of repertory theater of the ear.

The two albums represent the two current extremes of show styles: *Lady* is a descendant of *Oklahoma!* and *South Pacific*, with its pretty songs separated by plenty of action and dialogue. *Fella* comes from Italian opera buffa out of such frankly operatic efforts as *Porgy and Bess*—only 20 of its 140 minutes are filled with spoken words, a percentage which compares favorably with Mozart's *Magic Flute*. Putting such works on records required very special abilities, e.g., coaxing people whose first impulse is to mime and pose into playing entirely for the ear, and then creating in sound the invisible stage action and mood.

Producer of these two recordings was Columbia's new President Goddard Lieberson (TIME, Oct. 11, 1954). Sitting behind the control-room glass in cotton jersey and slacks, he rolled in his chair, clutched his brow, his breast, his colleagues' arms, while demanding one take

after another. His problem with *Fella* was simplified by the fact that the nearly continual music supplied almost all the required atmosphere, from the rowdy, Italianate folk-type songs to the entracte hit, *Standing on the Corner*, to the show's one deeply felt song, *Warm All Over*. Even so, there was a moment when he feared it was beginning to sound pat as a TV program, so he halted for a playback, to get everything in playing order again.

The *Lady* recording, on the other hand, contains all the songs but little of the dramatic action with which to recreate Bernard Shaw's famed *Pygmalion* (on which the show is based). To suggest the belligerent action of *Just You Wait*, 'Enery 'Tiggins, Producer Lieberman added a drum roll under Julie Andrews' vocal; for the poignance of Rex Harrison's acting during *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*, he added a solo violin playing the tune. The resulting record has an atmosphere all its own and is a delight to the ear—even if the eye must go without the show's magnificent appearance.

Bombshell in Providence

Symphony orchestras are constantly in trouble, artistic as well as financial. Last week some 400 delegates including representatives of 75 orchestras attended the American Symphony Orchestra League Convention in Providence to try to find out why. Influential U.S. Composer Aaron (Appalachian Spring, *El Salón Mexico*) Copland pointed out the nature of the problem: orchestras are not playing enough music of their own day to attract music lovers. Year after year, he said, major U.S. orchestras play only five or ten out of some 150 new orchestral works composed in the country.

"If present policies continue," said Copland, "then we're all headed for some kind of dead end." Most orchestras seem "just happy to get by" with programming that is "repetitious and unexciting." No other art form shows such an imbalance between the old and the new, he said. Business always seems to find time and money for research and development; orchestras never do. "You can't make a living art on great masterpieces of the past. You can create a kind of museum, but not a living art." Copland said he knows one talented young composer who has won eight prizes, but not a one of his works has ever been performed by an important music group.

Why is modern music neglected? The answer traditionally given by orchestral conductors, managers and boards of directors is that the public does not like the stuff. But before the meeting was over, the league turned up figures suggesting that the public may like contemporary music better than officials think. Some impressive statistics came from Manager Ralph Black of Washington's National Symphony Orchestra. Highlights:

¶ In five seasons, the proportion of new works performed by the National has increased from 18% to 30% of the total

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number of compositions for the year; 14 out of 20 concerts last season included new works.

Single-ticket sales for events featuring new music increased from about half the season's average in 1951-52 to better than average last season.

The presence of contemporary music has become almost as much of an attraction as a name soloist, pulling in about 15% more listeners than a concert with neither soloists nor novelties.

Although Washington's figures settled little—until backed up by other orchestras—they were called a "bombshell" by many delegates, who wondered if they had not been kidding themselves about modern music and modern music listeners.

Jazz Around the World

"Time for jazz," says the deep voice carefully. "Time for jazz," echo tens of thousands of loudspeakers around the world, as the strains of Duke Ellington's *Take the A Train* die into the background. For the next hour, seven nights a week, 52 weeks a year, the world's most widely heard disk-jockey program has the attention of listeners in 80-odd countries. It is the second and more popular portion of *Musica U.S.A.* (the first half is pop tunes), the Voice of America's only regular music program. The words come from Disk Jockey Willis Conover; the music comes from all over America.

A typical show, recorded on tape in Washington to broadcast from ten Voice stations a month later, includes such diverse items as Count Basie's swinging *Straight Life*, Joe Newman's *Midgits*, Charlie Parker's *Air Conditioning*, the Modern Jazz Quartet's *Django*, oldtime Trumpeter Papa Celestin's *When the Saints Go Marching In*, legendary Cornetist Bix Beiderbecke's *Singin' the Blues*, and a rousing number called *I'm All Bound 'Round with the Mason Dixon Line*, by the day's interviewee, Dixieland Trumpeter Jimmy McPartland. Between numbers, Conover quietly and succinctly tells about the next record or gently nudges his guest to talk about his life and times. "While they're learning to admire Americans as performers, listeners around the world are learning to admire America," says Conover. The show almost never tries to peddle overt pro-American or anti-Communist propaganda, is put together in the belief that "jazz is its own propaganda."

Not the Legs. The Voice was almost totally tone-deaf until two years ago; officials doubted the propaganda value of music. But it had at least a couple of staffers who were jazz buffs. Program Manager Eugene King and his deputy, John Wiggins, eventually made the point that, like it or not, jazz is a valuable exportable U.S. commodity. To sweeten its sometimes pungent flavor, the Voice decided to introduce the jazz with an hour of good pop music. To find an announcer the Voice held auditions, selected Buffalo-born Disk Jockey Conover, 35. His qualifications: a pleasantly resonant voice, the ability to speak slowly enough



Walter Bennett

JAZZCASTERS CONOVER & McPARTLAND
Say it with music.

to be understood by foreigners with a little English, and an intimate knowledge of jazz; he owns a phenomenal 40,000 records, and draws from his collections for the Voice show. In most parts of the world, jazz is a kind of Esperanto to the young generation from 15 to 25, and even countries with boiling anti-American prejudices enjoy and respond to it. In Communist-dominated centers, jazz was a more or less secret pleasure for years—the commissars labeled it capitalist depravity—but it is now permitted openly and apparently without prejudice.

No Poison. *Musica U.S.A.* has only a handful of taboos: no "physically suggestive" lyrics; nothing that might be racially offensive (Conover never identifies his Negro performers as such), and absolutely no rock 'n' roll. Says Conover: "I see no reason to poison the ears of overseas listeners."

At a rate of 1,000 a week, letters come in to let the Voice know it is being heard: New Zealand ("I have yet to hear a slush-pump [trombone] player who sends me more than Miff Mole"), Switzerland ("Thank you, Angel, for Oscar Peterson's *Tenderly*"), Poland ("more jamba, boogie"). No letters have been received from Russia, but Manager King heard the program while visiting Moscow and suspects that it is being taped for the benefit of Russian jazzmen who want to learn U.S. arrangements. In Hungary the Voice learned that there is a jazz band that tapes the jazz show every day.

Perhaps the comment that makes *Musica U.S.A.*'s creators proudest came in a recent letter from Communist Prague: "You are doing a really good job, not only that you do our evenings more pleasant and unforgettable, but there is much deeper meaning of it—to become acquainted of the development of the art and spirit of American nation with all its optimistic roots of thinking."

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Sunday at 8

As the two major TV networks, NBC and CBS are locked in a permanent war for talent, ideas, advertisers and listeners. This season one of the war's major campaigns is the battle of Sunday night at 8 (TIME, Oct. 17, 1955). Thus far, CBS has won. With the *Ed Sullivan Show* consistently rated one of TV's top two most popular shows, CBS has had little trouble with NBC's mediocre *Comedy Hour*. Last week NBC announced its newest strategy. Beginning June 24, it is throwing Comedian Steve (Tonight) Allen, 34, into the Sunday night breach.

Said NBC Chairman of the Board Syl-

At week's end, it was not plain that Sullivan agreed. To discourage viewers from looking at Allen's opening show this Sunday, Sullivan, no man to stand still while being shot at, was celebrating his show's eighth anniversary with a dazzling array of 43 guests, most of them from Hollywood.

Iron That Catches Words

In Northern Rhodesia, on the broad lands between the Limpopo and Congo Rivers, more than half a million primitive Africans have found a new, fascinating way to kill time. Every night in their mud huts they listen to their *kabula ka kwabamakani* (small piece of iron that catches



Northern Rhodesia Information Department

RHODESIAN RADIO FANS

Out of the saucapan, ballads and Umfumfumu.

vester L. ("Pat") Weaver: "Some people ask us, 'Why don't you try to beat Sullivan with drama, something other than comedy?' We've really looked into it, statistically and every other way, and everything we've learned shows that on Sundays from 8 to 9 we get largely family audiences, and that in that hour 99.5% of American homes will tune in on comedy. So we are going to give them what we think they want—a souped-up, slicked-down version of *Tonight*."

To show that Weaver meant business, NBC last week put the *Bob Hope Spectacular*, with Allen as narrator, against Sullivan. Said Allen: "I don't want anyone to think I'm rushing in with my sleeves rolled up to beat Ed Sullivan. It's a free country, and there's plenty of room in it for both of us."

words in air). Their radios are tuned to Lusaka's Central African Broadcasting Station, and their favorite show is a request program called *Zimene Mwa Tifuna* (Those You Have Asked For). They also have their favorite record, *Don't Sell Daddy Any More Whisky*, a lachrymose ditty in hillbilly style:

*Don't sell daddy any more whisky
I know it will take him away.
For we are all hungry and mommy is
weeping
Don't sell him no whisky today.*

Despite this contribution of the state of Tennessee to the culture of Africa, even the restrained British colonials of the area, long given to understatement, describe CABS as a "remarkable wireless indeed." It is probably the only radio

station in a completely white-run land that broadcasts almost exclusively to blacks. It began as a peanut-whistle transmitter during the war to get military news around the colony. After the war it was continued in the hope of providing a link between the government and its million of Negro subjects.

Safe Blue. The big problem was receiving sets. Then a British civil servant persuaded a British radio manufacturer to produce a cheap, durable set suitable for the bush. The result was the Sausepan Special, a battery-operated, four-tube set with a 50¢ saucapan as its cabinet. The sets are painted blue, the only color that does not clash with any of the region's innumerable tribal superstitions. Most important of all, they are insect-proof. Last week, with 60,000 sets in operation and an average of nine listeners per set, the Sausepan Special linked almost every Rhodesian village with the outside world.

With the success of Operation Sausepan, the government gave CABS more kilowatts, with the understanding that every day from noon to 9 p.m. it would be the bearer of the word from the white *bwasas* to the natives. His Excellency the Governor tried some familiar commercial radio techniques to win cooperation from his subjects. "Be on the Side of Law and Order!" CABS cried. "Pay Your Taxes Now!" Such Madison Avenue methods left listeners bored and unimpressed. Little dramatic parables pointing to a simple moral proved more effective, but nobody can be sure of the effect of the daily lectures, e.g., *Proof that Germs, Not Witchcraft, Cause Disease*. One indignant listener demanded: "Why do you waste so much time preaching to our people about harmless dirt on feet, when you could be broadcasting us how to make money and other usefuls?" One African announcer refused to read a lecture on female hygiene. "You may think this does good, *bwana*," he told the white station director, "but we do not speak of these things in our society. The people would tear me to pieces if I speak of their women in this way." The lecture was dropped.

Big Mouth. Listeners are fond of giving performers names that characterize them, and fans think nothing of walking 100 miles or so to see what the voice looks like. One listener recently walked all the way from the interior of the Congo to see Alick Nkata, a young CABS singer. Having stayed three weeks as a house guest, the man left, saying, "Now I can tell my village that I alone have seen Big Mouth." One announcer is known as *Umfunfumu* (Man Who Never Gets Tired of Talking). Another is called Maker of Jokes That Sometimes Are Funny.

The white *bwasas* of CABS face the rigorous problem of putting out a coherent program for 60 hours a week in eight different languages (Bemba, Nyanja, Lozi, Lunda, Luvala, Shona, Ndebele, Tonga) plus a few hours weekly in English. But they resolutely fight off local pressure to add 40 other African dialects to the programming. Every night of the

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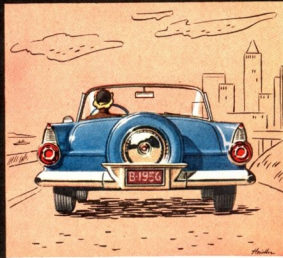
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The Budd Company
Philadelphia Detroit Gary



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year, however, they give their forgetful listeners an indispensable service in CABS's sign-off announcement, always clearly enunciated twice: "You must now turn your radio set off!" Otherwise 60,000 set batteries might well drain all night. By the following day, CABS would be without listeners.

One-Man Show

When Danish-born Pianist-Funnyman Victor Borge did his record-running (849 performances) one-man show on Broadway, union rules demanded that he be assisted by eleven stagehands and four stand-by musicians. The musicians never played, and what the stagehands did remains a mystery. Last week Borge transported his Broadway show, in a cut version and with a few additions, to TV. When all the producers, directors, musicians, stagehands, boom pushers, scenery movers, cameramen, set painters, carpenters, copyists, audio and video control men were counted, it was clear that network TV's first one-man show called for more than 200 people to get it on the air.

In moving from the stage to TV, Borge's show suffered a loss of the intimacy that the unmelancholy Dane's comic style demands. The hilarious mood of *Comedy in Music* was also seriously damaged by an overlong potpourri of Tchaikovsky melodies, played by a full orchestra and conducted by a Borge suddenly turned serious maestro. But despite everything, his comic talents survived the screen, and he got his deserved laughs as he coughed his way through Debussy's *Claire de Lune*, tangoed his way through *Jealousy* while sitting at the piano, doublecrossed the studio audience by playing *Tea for Two* off key while the audience was humming it, took his bows with the stagehands.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, June 21. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Baseball (Sat. 2:25 p.m., CBS). New York Yankees v. Chicago White Sox.

Texaco Star Theater (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante plays host to Peter Lawford, Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Steve Allen Show (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Premiere.

Ed Sullivan Show (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Sullivan celebrates his show's eighth anniversary.

Producers' Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *Happy Birthday* by Anita Loos, starring Betty Field, Tina Louise, Luella Gear.

RADIO

Conversation (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *Why I Love My Job*, discussed by New York City Health Commissioner Leona Baumgartner, Dr. Smiley Blanton, Clifton Fadiman.

CBS Radio Workshop (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *Hamlet Revisited*.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:05 p.m., CBS). Igor Stravinsky conducts his cantata, *Les Noces*.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Eddy Duchin Story (Columbia) continues the succession of reverent film biographies of U.S. musicmakers without varying the dependable formula of Boy seeks Fame, Boy gets Fame, Boy realizes Fame isn't everything.

As told in the movie, Pianist Eddy Duchin's way in the world was singularly easy. He arrived breathless in Manhattan, and, within minutes, had a job in Leo Reisman's band at the old Central Park Casino, and was launched on a successful career that continued without impediment. With equal speed, he met, wooed and wed socially prominent Marjorie Oelrichs, and was instantly accepted by her friends and relatives.

In fact, the only tragedy in Duchin's life was death, a subject that Hollywood ordinarily does not like to contemplate with seriousness. Duchin's bride died in childbirth, and Eddy had scarcely recovered from the shock when he learned that he was afflicted with leukemia. The film suggests that he had no consolations, either of religion or philosophy, to help him face imminent extinction. Except for some murmured complaints about how unfair "They" are in arranging man's fate, the problem was resolved entirely in terms of how and when Eddy should tell his son and prospective second wife about his condition.

Tyrone Power plays Eddy with unflagging boyishness, and Kim Novak acts the doomed Marjorie Oelrichs with spectral intimations ("Hold me, Eddy; I'm afraid of the wind . . ."). This blowy motif runs throughout the film: death's advent is always heralded by wind-driven snow, rain or autumn leaves. A stately newcomer, Australia's Victoria Shaw, is introduced as Duchin's second wife, and a pair of clipped-accented moppets (Mickey Maga and Rex Thompson) perform as the Duchin child at different ages. Moviegoers may enjoy the rippling piano notes (actually played by Carmen Cavallaro) that made Duchin a society favorite during the '30s, and there is one pleasant scene in which Power plays a duet with a small Chinese boy during his wartime tour of duty as operations officer of a destroyer flotilla.

That Certain Feeling (Paramount) is a movie adaptation of the 1954 Broadway hit, *King of Hearts*, by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke, a comedy that screened its thin plot behind an electrical display of wisecracks. Hollywood has added twice as many writers (Norman Panama, Melvin Frank, I.A.L. Diamond, William Altman) and got a corresponding increase in plot and even a few more jokes.

As a Bob Hope vehicle, the film has its points. Bob is pictured as a ne'er-do-well cartoonist and psychopathic coward who has turned to an analyst for help because Bromo Seltzer has failed him. Reduced to painting nudes on ties and landscapes on

the backs of turtles, Hope is visited in his garret by a dazzling blonde (Eva Marie Saint) who used to be his wife and is now engaged to George Sanders, a moneyed comic-strip artist whose ego contains more hot air than a Turkish bath. Her proposition: that Bob move in as Sanders' ghost artist while she and the cartoonist are off on their honeymoon. Additional comedy is supplied by Pearl Bailey, who doubles as narrator and songbird when she is not pretending to be Sanders' maid, as well as by a small boy (Jerry Mathers) and a large shaggy dog.

With this much to go on, Hope sets about rewinning Eva Marie with all the tested ingredients of farce, from pratfalls to bedroom scenes to hurry-up exits and entrances. Everything winds up in a final bedlam as Cartoonist Sanders' apartment is being readied for a *Person to Person* TV interview at the same moment that Eva Marie is breaking her engagement and Hope is walking off, not only with the



EVA MARIE SAINT & BOB HOPE
Nervous stomach, faint heart.

girl, but with the boy and dog as well. Bob breezes amiably through this pastiche, firing off salvos of one-line jokes, mugging happily, and milking his nervous stomach and faint heart for every sight gag possible. Eva Marie Saint is mostly limited to wearing high-fashion clothes and looking elegant, but, in the drunk scene, she exhibits a comedy talent of her own—especially in a Groucho-like gallop that definitely hits the Marx.

The Searchers (C. V. Whitney: Warner) is another excursion into the patented Old West of Director John Ford. The place is Texas, three years after the Civil War, and the lone figure moving across the vast plain is none other than lean, leathery, disenchanting John Wayne, still



Frank P. Downey, vice president, American Machine and Foundry Co., and Group Executive of AMF's Bowling Products Group

THE HERTZ IDEA: Ideal set-up for Mr. Downey

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wearing bits of his Confederate uniform, still looking for trouble. Trouble finds him. One day, while John's back is turned, Chief Scar and his wild Comanches swoop down and massacre his relatives, carrying off two young girls for their own fell purposes.

Wayne promptly fills his trusty horse with hay and sets off on a five-year, Technicolor, VistaVision search for the girls. His itinerary sounds like that of Lewis & Clark, but the camera never seems to get outside Arizona and Utah's beautiful Monument Valley. Tagging along is Jeffrey Hunter, who spends nearly as much time trying to soften Wayne's vindictiveness as he does hunting Indians. Though the film runs for two hours, it nevertheless races through its individual scenes at so breakneck a pace that moviegoers may be uncertain just what is going on. Director Ford indulges his Homeric appetite for violence of spirit and action. Coming on the corpse of a hated Comanche, Wayne shoots out the dead man's eyes on the debatable theological principle that the Indian's blinded ghost cannot find its way to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

One of the kidnapped girls is raped by four braves and killed off early in the picture. The other (Natalie Wood), when finally found, proves to be a contented member of Chief Scar's harem. Wayne is so annoyed that he tries to shoot her dead and is only thwarted by an Indian attack.

The lapses in logic and the general air of incoherence are only minor imperfections in a film as carefully contrived as a matchstick castle. *The Searchers* is rousing played by what Hollywood calls the "John Ford Company"—a group made up of Wayne, Harry Carey Jr., Ward Bond, a half-dozen bit players, seven stunt men who are repeatedly shot off horses, and many of the same Navajo Indians who have been losing battles in John Ford pictures since 1938. By now, all of them perform with practiced ease: the women know just where to stand on the cabin porch as they peer off anxiously into the haze and mesa-filled distances; the men automatically fall into line for a barn dance or a posse. In fact, they may be getting too practiced and familiar. Even John Wayne seems to have done it once too often as he makes his standardized, end-of-film departure into the sunset.

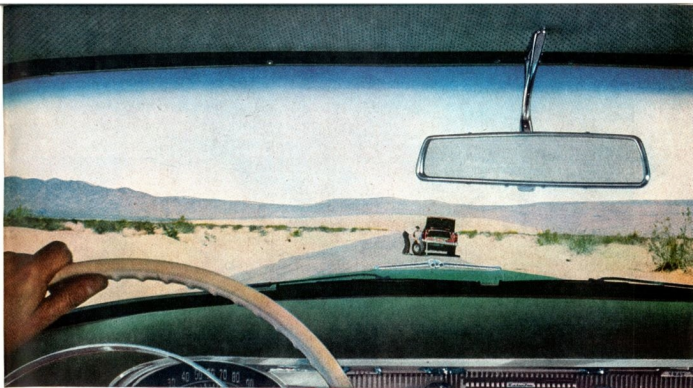
CURRENT & CHOICE

The Killing. Only cops and robbers, but the skulduggery is skillfully controlled by Director Stanley Kubrick (TIME, June 4).

The Swan. Grace Kelly in a royal courtship gets a witty assist from Actor Alec Guinness and Playwright Ferenc Molnar (TIME, April 23).

The Bold and the Brave. A war film with ideas that hit as hard as bullets; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Richard III. Dirty work at the Tower of London as reported by the propagandist pen of William Shakespeare and chillingly played by Sir Laurence Olivier (TIME, March 12).



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AERIAL REFUELING gives multi-jet bombers global range. Here the Boeing B-52, world's most advanced bomber, is refueled by its tankier partner, the KC-135. Jet engines in both are Pratt & Whitney J-57s. Medium bomber overhead is a Boeing B-47, with General Electric J-47 engines.

How Can America Continue to Have Air Force Aircraft Second to None

The availability of nuclear weapons carried by long-range aircraft makes it possible for an aggressor to strike suddenly and with devastating results. But in the hands of peace loving nations, these weapons are a strong deterrent to war.

Today the U. S. Air Force, Navy, Marines, and the Army have aircraft second to none. But this leadership—so hard to gain—can easily be lost. Vigorous programs of aviation research, development, and production must be maintained if America is to continue to have aircraft second to none.

The enormous strides made in U. S. military aircraft in the past few years are illustrated by Air Force aircraft, a few of which are shown here. Today, virtually all first-line U. S. combat aircraft are jet powered and are twice as fast as their World War II predecessors. But the demands of the future are so great that tomorrow's aircraft must fly even faster and higher. If America is to remain free, United States military air power must continue to advance, through uninterrupted programs of research, development, and production.

How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

The many and exacting missions assigned to the Air Force place a greater burden than ever on research and development. Primarily, the Air Force must be ready to conduct global strategic air operations, to keep control of the air, to support ground forces, and to maintain a strong air defense.

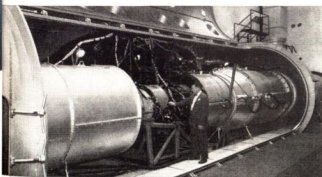
To help the Air Force carry out its global mission, many years of research and development have been spent in creating fighters, bombers, support aircraft, and guided missiles of the highest possible performance. An example is the B-52 *Stratofortress*, world's fastest and most advanced bomber. It flies at more than 600 mph, faster than most jet fighters in Korean combat. Built by Boeing, the B-52 is powered by eight Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 turbojet engines. Years of intensive work, involving literally tens of millions of man-hours, were spent on the design and development of the giant airframe, its engines and its complex equipment before the first experimental B-52 took to the air. Today, B-52s are flying in the Strategic Air Command—paying off the long years of research and development.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Aircraft and equipment for tomorrow's Air Force are today on drawing boards, at flight test centers, and in engine test cells. Some of tomorrow's combat aircraft will fly at twice the speed of sound. Some may fly without pilots. Even atomic aircraft engines are being developed.

Current experiments point to the future. Today, for example, research aircraft fly at speeds nearing 2000-mph—Bell's X-1A reached 1650 mph in 1953—and to altitudes approaching 20 miles. These and scores of other research projects are giving America's science and industry the vast amount of information needed to design and build more highly advanced aircraft.

Only by such continuous and uninterrupted programs of research, development and production can America continue to have Air Force aircraft second to none.



TOMORROW'S JET ENGINES, heart of future aircraft, operate today in engine test cells. Millions of man-hours already lie behind them in the continuous engineering struggle to give airplanes higher, faster, and more efficient performance. Pratt & Whitney Aircraft is flight testing the advanced J-75 jet engine, and developing other aircraft propulsion projects, using even atomic power.



BOMBER CARRIES FIGHTER on long-range missions. Huge Convair RB-36 can launch and recover Republic F-84F. Extreme 10,000-mile range of the multi-engine bomber plus 650-mph speed of jet fighter gives great versatility, especially useful for photo survey.



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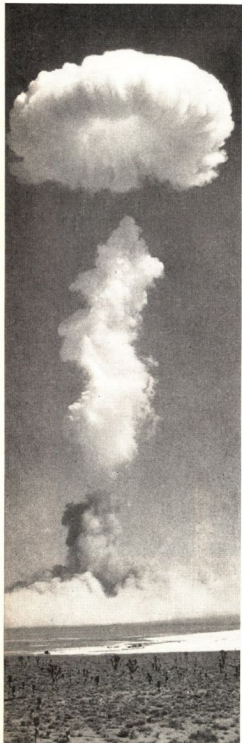
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ATOMIC RADIATION: The γ s Are Coming

THE TEST BOMB: A LESSER DANGER

MOST experts agree that all-out atomic war might end civilization. But what about the long-range effects of atomic-age peace? Last year the National Academy of Sciences, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, undertook to find out. Last week its committees of eminent scientists made their report on what increasing radioactivity can do to humanity. General conclusions: 1) something new, strange and dangerous has come into the world; 2) not enough is known about it; 3) careful precautions should be taken to ward off future disaster.

The committees were not much worried about nuclear-weapons tests. "High-yield" thermonuclear explosions toss radioactive material into the stratosphere, where it hangs for years drifting around the earth. The tests also raise the radioactive level of large areas of ocean. But these effects are slight, and will do no appreciable harm unless the tempo of bomb testing is increased many times over. There is nothing, say the scientists, to the popular idea that bomb testing has upset the world's weather.

That is about all the cheerful news in the report. All the committees were worried about the swift growth of the atomic age. Each year more radioisotopes are shipped to laboratories and hospitals; more nuclear reactors go into operation; more "hot" residues are processed and disposed of somehow. Within a few years, the scientists point out, large nuclear power plants will be built in many parts of the world. Many ships will be atomic, many industries will use radioactive equipment. Therefore, many more people will come into contact with radiation.

Ocean & Air. The Committee on Oceanography warned that radioactive wastes foreseeable in the near future will be too potent to discharge into the ocean's surface water, from which they might be carried ashore or enter human bodies in seafood. If the wastes are dumped at sea, they must be carefully sunk in deep spots where bottom water has little circulation. A research program should be started at once, say the scientists, to find the best such places.

The Committee on Meteorology also had worries. Nuclear power plants give off radioactive gases, some of which are difficult to control or get rid of. In the year 2000, the committee figured, the world's atomic power plants will be producing enough krypton 85 to raise appreciably the radioactivity of the middle latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere. Other gases given off at fuel-processing plants, e.g., iodine 131, can do even worse on a local scale. The committee points out that unfavorable weather conditions

around a processing plant can concentrate the gases intensely.

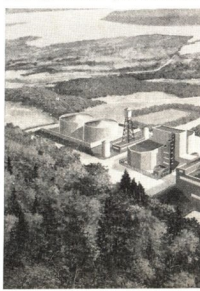
Large atomic power plants will contain so much radioactive material that a blow-up would be a major disaster, causing serious damage over thousands of square miles. By 2000, figured the committee, the earth's reactors will contain so much strontium 90 (a cancer-causing radioisotope which deposits in the bones) that the dispersal of 1% of it would seriously contaminate the entire earth.

The Committee on Disposal and Dispersal of Radioactive Wastes pointed out that so far virtually no wastes have been disposed of. The dangerous stuff is stored in tanks of various kinds—which is not permanent disposal. The biggest future sources of radioactivity will be nuclear power plants, and the committee believes that organizations owning such material are legally and morally responsible for it indefinitely. One problem: "The radioactive life of the wastes would probably exceed by several centuries the official life of the organization itself."

The meteorology committee recommended careful international regulations to keep dangerous substances out of the atmosphere. It also suggested meteorological studies to find sites for nuclear installations where prevailing winds will limit the damage done by an accident.

Anemia & Cancer. The Committee on Pathologic Effects related in unpleasant detail what happens when human bodies are exposed to too much radiation. The clinical evidence came from many sources: the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, laboratory workers injured by

THE POWER PLANT (CON EDISON ON



radiation from high-voltage machines, uranium miners who got lung cancer from breathing radon gas, laboratory animals exposed experimentally to radiation.

It is a disquieting recital: first the early effects (skin burns, vomiting), then intermediate effects (anemia, internal bleeding, ulceration of the intestines); many years later may come leukemia or cancer. Even if no acute effects are detectable, exposure to radiation over a long period of time shortens life considerably. Radiologists die, on the average, five years younger than physicians having no contact with radiation.

Grimmest report by all odds came from the Committee on Genetic Effects. After explaining that little is known about this subject, the committee makes clear that some things are known only too well. It cites the complex mechanism of reproduction, reviewing the manner in which hereditary traits, good and bad, are transmitted by submicroscopic genes in the male and female reproductive cells. These genes can be changed (mutated) by radiation that reaches the gonads (testicles or ovaries). Sometimes the damage is so severe that the individual developing from two cells (with a single damaged gene) is seriously defective or dies before birth. Usually, however, the damaged gene lies latent. The man who is born with it shows only a slight effect, if any, but when he marries a woman with the same damaged gene, their children will show the effect in full, cruel measure. This can happen after 2 or 10 or 100 generations.

Harmful Mutations. The committee points out that humans have always been subjected to radiation from cosmic rays and other natural sources, and the genes that were damaged in this way were causes of defective individuals of the pre-atomic age. The human species, however, evolved under these radiation conditions and had become adjusted to

them. It was able to eliminate damaged genetic material at about the same rate as it was formed.

But what will happen, the committee asks, if the radiation dose is raised artificially above the natural level? Defective individuals will increase, of course. Some will die before birth or shortly thereafter. Others will be burdens to themselves, their relatives and to society for many years.

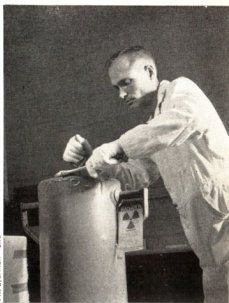
"There is still [another] aspect to consider," says the committee. "A population that is exposed, generation after generation, to an increased amount of radiation will experience a rising death rate and a falling birth rate because of harmful mutations, until a new equilibrium is established between the increased rate of mutation and elimination. If in this process the death rate comes to exceed the birth rate, the population will decline and eventually perish."

How much radiation can be tolerated? The committee figures that the mutation rate will be doubled by something between 30 and 80 r (roentgens) of radiation to the gonads received between conception and 30 years of age. This means that in each 100 million live births, 4,000,000 (instead of the present 2,000,000) will have serious hereditary defects. About 1% of the defectives will appear in the first generation.

Radiation Budget. To be reasonably though not wholly safe, the committee believes that the average radiation dose for the general population should not rise above 10 r of man-made radiation between conception and 30 years. It recommends that records be kept for each individual, giving the complete history of exposure to radiation. Then a nation can know the prognosis of its posterity.

Of the 10 r allowed to the average individual up to 30 years, about 3 to 4 r, the committee was shocked to discover, is being currently expended on medical and dental X rays, which have the same effect as gamma rays from radioactive sources. A dental X ray may give .005 r to the gonads, and general fluoroscopic examinations may give 2 r or more. The committee suggests that doctors and dentists should go easy with X rays. Patients who read the committee's report (especially those who intend to have more children) will surely think twice before they permit prolonged X-ray treatment for any ailment.

The 10 r figure is for the general population, to avoid genetic trouble on a large scale. Individuals can take more without much additional risk to first-generation children, but the committee suggests a top limit of 50 r to age 30 and an additional 50 r to age 40. This is much less than the maximum dose permitted in Atomic Energy Commission laboratories: .3 r per week or 15.6 r per year. The committee believes that all work involving high radiation exposure should be done, for the good of the race, by people who do not expect to have more children.



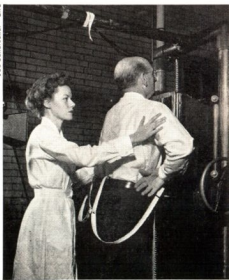
J. R. Emerson—UPI

THE LAB: THINK OF THE CHILDREN



Kiyoko Nishi

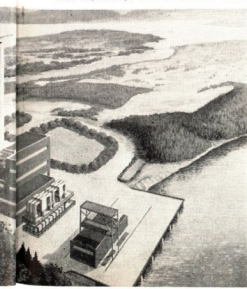
IN THE SEA: SEEK THE DEPTHS



Joe Scheraga—UPI

THE X RAY: GO EASY

THE HUDSON: WATCH SITE & WIND



RELIGION

Lenshina Mulenga

The rainy season is over, and this week along the roads and trails and bicycle tracks of Northern Rhodesia, thousands of Africans are trudging through the bush to a clump of 20-odd huts called the village of Kasomo. They come from as far as 400 miles away to see and hear a plump, 32-year-old native woman and be baptized by her in the name of God—the black man's God. Her name is Lenshina Mulenga, and her magnetic hold on the people around Kasomo is confounding Christian missionaries there.

One day in September 1953, Lenshina Mulenga walked into the Church of Scotland's Lubwa mission, about eight miles away from Kasomo. She was there, she said, because she had recently died; she had been about to cross the river into heaven when God stopped her and told her to go back and teach her people to give up witchcraft and repent their sins. She should go to Lubwa, said the Almighty, to be taught and baptized.

A Strange Whistling. The Presbyterian mission named her "Alice" and duly sent a native evangelist back to Kasomo with her, and the villagers began to flock to her hut. Soon she had another word from God. There were two books, He told her, one for whites and one for blacks, and the black book was the right one. Once again Lenshina appeared in Lubwa, this time to demand the use of the mission church

to preach in. When the missionaries turned her down, she went back to her village with the story that the missionaries had stolen her African book and sent it off to Scotland. She began attacking the New Testament, calling it *icibolya*—"a deserted village, a hollow shell."

As her fame spread, more and more pilgrims came to hear her oracular utterances and her vague version of black man's Christianity. In the clearing behind her hut she collected them, 500 or more at a time, ordered them on pain of death to close their eyes and listen to the voice of the Almighty—a strange, whistling noise. Spies from a nearby Roman Catholic mission risked opening their eyes and reported that Lenshina merely stepped behind a tree and blew a whistle.

But the natives were more impressed than ever. When she commanded pilgrims to bring their charms and symbols of witchcraft and leave them at shrines built for the purpose in her village, there were soon high piles of teeth, fur scraps, beads and symbolic axes for killing devils. Nervously, the Presbyterian mission sent word to the home office that a new threat to Christianity, "the Cult of Alice," had appeared in Northern Rhodesia.

"When Shall We Be Saved?" In twelve months 60,000 came to see Lenshina and be baptized. Even in the rainy season, they were coming by the hundreds. The pennies they bring her have mounted into a sizable treasury presided over by her fanatical

husband Petrus, who, some say, is the power behind Lenshina. And the Presbyterian mission of Lubwa, the oldest in Northern Rhodesia, is on its last legs.

Last fall, in a desperate effort to regain some of the native Christians who had joined Lenshina's movement, five missionaries and a score of African evangelists visited hundreds of villages. But most of their former converts would not even listen; out of 4,000, only 400 agreed to desert Lenshina.

"What are you going to do?" asks the Rev. John Fraser, 41, of Glasgow, who recently took over the Lubwa mission. "We must get out more into the field and teach the Bible. For ten years we've been too busy keeping the mission going to get out and do field work. Lenshina just stepped into a natural opportunity, I suppose."

She did. The tribes of Northern Rhodesia have lived in a broken society since the white district commissioners weakened the authority of the tribal chiefs. White authorities and missions dealt with witchcraft as though it did not exist; Lenshina Mulenga fights it effectively, gives natives the sense of belonging to their own church, where salvation is in the here-and-now, not far-off.

Aside from her effect on the mission, authorities are most concerned lest Lenshina be taken over by the anti-white movement in Africa. Though she has given no indication that she will, this is a constant possibility; many mission-educated Africans among her followers have been changing their names from Christopher or John back to Shamwa or Mkoshi.

And day after day, Lenshina leads her followers in a chant of her cult:

*When shall we be saved?
We who love the country of darkness!
We who love the country of slavery!
When shall we be saved?*

The Bun-Fight Revival

It was enough to make old-style intellectuals blink. Of all people, the majority of Oxford undergraduates (51% of the men and 62% of the women) are going to church regularly, praying and thinking about God. Not only that, according to a survey by Cherwell, an undergraduate magazine, but 29% of the men and 45% of the women in the university say that their faith had been strengthened while they were at Oxford. "It does seem," editorialized Cherwell, "that there has been a religious revival."

So it does. Each Sunday the services at St. Ebbe's, St. Aldate's, St. Mary Magdalene, Pusey House and the Wesley Memorial Church are packed with young Oxonians. Sunday evening sermons at St. Mary the Virgin, the university church, are drawing record crowds, and 200-300 mimeographed copies of a sermon are likely to be snatched up within a few hours of delivery. About one student in six is estimated to be a member of one of the denominational societies, and about 80 undergraduates are being confirmed at



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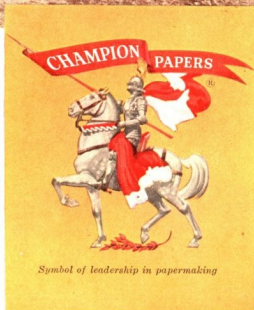
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the university each year. Says the Rev. Roy Stuart Lee, vicar of St. Mary the Virgin: "The best minds are turning most seriously to religion."

The faculty has joined in the new mood—notably the scientists. "Religion used to be disreputable—a slur on the intellect," says History Don Harry Pitt, fellow of Worcester College. "We now feel that the brain need not be pulpy to embrace religion."

For all the facts and figures, Oxonians were arguing last week—among the believers themselves—as to whether a real revival was going on. Said third-year student Tony Jaffe: "Religion is just the fashionable thing nowadays, keeping up with the Joneses. The churches are becoming sociable meeting places. Anyone who pretends to be anyone just has to go. There is more interest in the humor of the preacher than in the purpose of the congregation. Perhaps it's a release from neurosis as well. The pace of Oxford life is killing."

Some feel this reticence about admitting a resurgence of religion results from understandable self-consciousness about Oxford's identification with past movements, i.e., the Oxford Movement (Kebble, Newman, Pusey), the Frank Buchman "Oxford Group"—Moral Re-Armament, the pacifism of the '30s. Whatever the reticence, churchgoing is at a new high level. "It's quite a relief," said one staunch Anglican last week. "Let them have all the bun fights they want. At least, nobody any longer believes that religion is the haven of anti-intellectual obscurantism."

300 Years

Everything was kosher at the Archbishop of Canterbury's Lambeth Palace garden party in London last week. Men came in grey toppers and morning coats, and women in summery prints. As they chatted on the velvet lawn, two experts made sure that the twelve gallons of fruit juice, 3,000 sandwiches, 2,500 pastries and 30 pounds of cake conformed with Jewish dietary laws.

The occasion was the climax of a series of grand occasions held to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the Jews' return to England. And it was hard, among the Jewish peers and their ladies, the Rothschilds and Montagus, Samuels and Cohens, to remember the sad past that made it only 300 instead of 900 years.

Cattle for Milking. William the Conqueror welcomed the Jews to England. Trade then was mostly barter, and William felt that the money-handling Jews* would play a much-needed role in the economy of his new kingdom.

By the middle of the 12th century the lot of the Jews was growing hard. Several massacres occurred, sparked, in part, by the old slander that Jews murdered Christian children in their rituals. In 1210 King John threw all the Jews

* An occupation forced on the Jews of Europe in the Middle Ages by the Christians, who were forbidden to lend money at interest—but not to borrow it.

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into jail and extorted a ransom for the liberation, and from then on the barons usually treated them as a herd of cattle for milking. Several times, England's Jews were "sold" by the King to British lords, who were then entitled to squeeze as much as they could from them. In 1290 Edward I gave the 16,000 of them that remained a little more than three months to get out.

In the 17th century the Puritan movement brought a wave of millennialism, and with it the notion that for Christ's second coming the Jews must be liberated and perhaps even converted. Cromwell, impressed less with the Messianic than the



Top
RABBI BRODIE & THE ARCHBISHOP
"We have come a long way."

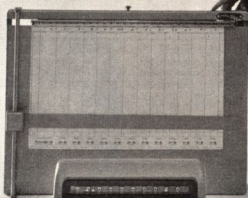
political and economic advantages of turning the Jews back, allowed them to settle and establish a synagogue (though no formal decree was ever issued).

Security & Scope. "We have come a long way," said the Very Rev. Dr. Isaac Brodie, Chief Rabbi of the United Hebrew Congregations of the British Commonwealth, in his tercentenary address. Some samples of the progress: today there are approximately 450,000 Jews in the British Isles (about .88% of the population) who worship in 450 established synagogues; 13 Jewish peers in the House of Lords and 19 Jews in the House of Commons; two hold high government jobs—the Marquess of Reading is Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and Baron Mancroft is Under Secretary of State for Home Affairs. The 110,000 British Jews who served the armed forces during World War I and II, 12,000 were killed and eight won the Victoria Cross.

Said Prime Minister Anthony Eden in a speech at London's Guildhall (in principle, Jews were not permitted to England's ancient guilds): "Let us frankly acknowledge that they have richly paid their welcome."

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"THE COUPLE'S" LAST NIGHT OUT IN AMSTERDAM

ART

Love's Labor Lost

What were the two intertwined figures doing on the park grass in the heart of Amsterdam? Burgomaster Arnold D'Ailly bustled up for a close look last week, and turned a fiery red. Sculptor Jacques Lipchitz had called his big, blocky, semi-abstract bronze *The Couple*, and it was all too clearly a labor of love. The burgomaster ordered the sculpture removed that very night to the museum cellar from which it was borrowed.

The Couple had been the central attraction of a park show of modern statues. Discovering that it was gone, six Amsterdam sculptors, whose works were also included in the show, called a protest meeting. The meeting soon adjourned to the park itself, where the sculptors helped one another remove their own six works. "We'd all intuitively reached the same decision," one of them said later. "Maybe the burgomaster's action can be explained, but for us it's indefensible. The Lipchitz is a fine bit of plastic art, and, anyway, not many people realized what it represented. Most everybody thought it was a turtle." Another added: "*The Couple* was a pretty statue, and it looked just fine the way it stood there. I don't know what the burgomaster should have done, but it was a real nice show and it's a pity it had to end this way."

Sculptor Lipchitz himself was far from the scene of the fracas, working at home in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. When he heard the news, the fierce, brilliant old Frenchman grinned like a turtle. "How touched I am," he said, "How warm in my heart."

Lipchitz remembered *The Couple* well. While he talked of it, his hands shaped the air as if he were caressing his bronze: "I made it in 1928. That summer I had lost my father and, three weeks later, my sister. I was desperate. But then my optimistic nature came out: I saw that life must go on. From this came the statue. Life must go on—that's what the statue expresses. It is lovers, which means affirmation, but it also looks like an animal in pain. This is because life is a tragic scene and a hopeful scene both at once. So now some people say the sculpture is obscene? That's very interesting. I don't understand people. Nothing more pure ever came out of myself than this work."



SCULPTOR LIPCHITZ

WHAT THE MUSEUMS ARE BUYING

ON THE walls of Colorado Springs' Fine Arts Center this week are 58 contemporary American canvases purchased by 47 U.S. museums in the past two years. In one glance visitors could learn what sort of painting most appeals to today's museum directors. The exhibition includes sprinklings of realists and romantics, looking as out of place as women in a poker game. But in total, the show is predominantly abstract.

Explaining their taste, the directors who bought the canvases reproduced on the next two pages threw a good deal of light on the abstractionist trend in acquisitions. The directors' cases:

❑ *Heart of Norway Spruce*, by Theodoros Stamos, 33, was acquired by the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. Corcoran Director Hermann Williams calls it "a characteristic example of one of the strongest and most vital phases of contemporary expression currently in vogue. Stamos has consistently been one of the chief American exponents of this type of painting. Its range of communication is the emotional reaction on the part of the beholder to its suggestive and subtle arrangements of forms and colors. Thus its appeal is akin to the appeal of Oriental calligraphy."

❑ *Red and Blue*, by John Ferren, 50, was bought by the University of Nebraska Art Galleries for \$600. Says Director Norman Geske: "This was an attempt to place ourselves up to date. We felt this was particularly brilliant. Ferren works with a full recognition of the accidental values you can get into a painting. He sometimes drops liquid paint on a canvas; the drops spread by themselves. *Red and Blue* is pretty much that sort of thing. In general it looks highly accidental, but to those of us who know better it represents a good deal of sensitivity."

❑ *Horse Mackerel*, by Karl Knaths, 64, was given by Department Storeman Morton D. May to the City Art Museum of St. Louis. Assistant Museum Director William Eisendracht calls it "an example of an American artist who is a genius, and who has come under the influence of cubism and expressionism. It is one of the best examples of its type." Says Benefactor May, who paid \$1,200 for the canvas in the late '40s: "He [Knaths] abstracts nature, but it is still recognizable. *Horse Mackerel* is an abstraction of a giant tuna. One who looks carefully will see the form of the tuna, the boom it hangs from, and a portion of the pier. There are dynamic waves in the background—waves of beautiful color."

❑ *Clear Cut Landscape*, by Milton Avery, 63, was acquired by the women's board of the San Francisco Museum of Art for "about \$1,500." Grace Morley, the museum director, recommended its purchase because "Avery is a very distinguished colorist, and in the American school color isn't our strong point. The painting is a semi-abstract of a very subtle kind. In



CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN ART GALLERY

JOHN FERREN'S "RED AND BLUE"



CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS

KARL KNATHS' "HORSE MACKEREL"

THEODOROS STAMOS'
"HEART OF NORWAY SPRUCE"



MILTON AVERY'S "CLEAR CUT LANDSCAPE"

BALCOMB GREENE'S "COMPOSITION: THE STORM"



the context of American painting Avery is considered a very important master, and we were anxious to have his point of view, his subtlety, represented."

¶ **Composition: *The Storm***, by Balcomb Greene, 52, was bought by Manhattan's Whitney Museum. Director Hermon More says the picture was inspired by 1954's Hurricane Carol, which battered Greene's seaside house at Montauk Point, on the eastern tip of Long Island. "We bought it because it represents a new direction from his previous style, which was more classical, not so emotional. This is based more directly on nature. It's more romantic. This is the expression of emotion in nature. It is a rather significant direction of abstract painting. It looks like nature is creeping in again."

The chances of Stamos, Ferren, Knaths, Avery and Greene all being as important as their supporters claim are dim indeed. Important painters seldom come in big clusters, like grapes. The inevitable shift of art fashions (which have wheeled from "social realism" to "abstract expressionism" in a generation) may well leave some of these withering on the vine. Meanwhile, they make an instructive cross section of what "those of us who know better" like best.

The significance of their abstractions perhaps lies in their lack of doctrinaire push. They have neither the militant geometrizing of Mondrian nor the let-er-drip violence of Pollock; they do not aim to amaze. Having developed a front thousands of easels wide in America, abstractionism can no longer be called a spearhead movement or even advance-guard. Its products are increasingly milder, more delicate and amorphous. And when such practitioners as Knaths, Avery and Greene flirt openly with nature, their semi-abstractions further blur the lines of what not long ago seemed a battlefield.

Adornment for UNESCO

From Paris last week came word that UNESCO has commissioned six of the world's leading artists to adorn its new headquarters. One of the biggest commissions, for a conference room mural covering 1,100 sq. ft., was by no means likely to please some of UNESCO's more vociferous U.S. critics; it went to Millionaire Communist Pablo Picasso.

In all, the artists' contribution to the curved concrete structure in Paris will be as international as UNESCO. Britain's Sculptor Henry Moore will do a figure for the main piazza, and French Jean Arp will do a bas-relief for the library. Spain's Joan Miro will also do a mural, and Manhattan's Isamu Noguchi will contribute a couple of oriental gardens complete with his own abstract sculptures and an Alexander Calder mobile. In addition, two leading designers, Herbert Bayer of the U.S. and Nizoli of Italy, have been commissioned to handle interior design, with an area of supervision extending from wall colors down to letterheads.

Strangely enough, only one of the fine artists involved (Moore) ever got a public commission before.

THE PRESS

Tightrope

When the Southern Education Reporting Service started a journalistic experiment two years ago to tell all the desegregation news straight down the middle, it was damned by extremists of both sides. But the experiment proved a success: the service's monthly *Southern School News* has walked the tightrope of factual reporting so skillfully that partisans on opposite sides now look up to it, and an increasing number of Southern newspapers are carrying its stories. A single mail brought subscription renewals from Georgia's Segregationist Herman Talmadge and Desegregationist and Novelist Lillian (*Strange Fruit*) Smith. Last week the service's correspondents were back at



Eldred Rooney—Nashville Tennessee
DON SHOEMAKER

A cool approach to a hot subject.

their posts throughout the South after a conference in Nashville to plan another year of "providing accurate, unbiased information."

¶ **No Adjectives Wanted.** A month after the Ford Foundation launched the project with \$106,000 a year to "fill a vacuum" in the South (*TIME*, June 14, 1954), circulation of the *News*, then distributed free, leaped from 10,000 to 30,000. It went to top Southern state and city officials, hundreds of school boards, educators, editors—and ordinary parents who found plenty of opinion on the issue in their own newspapers but too little information. Last year, when the service began charging \$2 a year, subscriptions began at 3,000 and quickly rose to 12,000 in 48 states and 40 foreign countries.

Each of the paper's 19 correspondents is an experienced reporter who still holds down a regular news job, gets \$100 a month for doing a monthly roundup on the hard facts of desegregation develop-

ments in his state. "We don't want any adjectives or adverbs," says Executive Director Don Shoemaker, 43, who has held editing jobs on Southern newspapers since 1934. A major reporting problem is to get school officials to speak for attribution; the subject is often just too hot. It is just as hard to get frank views from ordinary citizens in any attempt to sound out public opinion. As desegregation advances, a more novel problem is to get hold of statistics on the school population. In St. Louis and Washington, for example, the number of Negroes in the integrated schools is unobtainable because those cities no longer maintain records with racial identification.

¶ **Treasure-Trove.** To help Shoemaker keep tabs on the situation, the service clips everything about the subject from 60 dailies and 100 magazines, and accumulated books, pamphlets, speeches and court decisions—a growing treasure-trove for scholars present and future. The service gets daily queries from reporters and educators around the world; its headquarters was the first stop for a New York *Times* reportorial task force that prepared a special eight-page supplement on the problem this spring.

Examples of the kind of hard news the paper reports:

¶ More than 100 tax-supported white colleges and universities, half the total in the South, now accept Negroes.

¶ Some 256,000 Southern Negroes, 10% of Negro students in the South, are freely eligible to attend schools with whites.

¶ Desegregation generally proves easiest where the Negro population is smallest, but there are such exceptions as the integrated schools of St. Louis, where Negroes are 35% of the students—a larger percentage than that of segregated Nashville, Richmond and Dallas.

¶ School mixing invariably lowers academic standards for a while, Says Shoemaker: "Whether this is an impeachment of the Negro's intellectual caliber or whether it is, as someone has said, proof of the inequality of public education under separation, I leave to others."

Such balance on the tightrope produces some exasperated mail. Wrote one Detroit reader: "Please state which end you are working for. You are not definite." To *Southern Schools News*, that comment—especially since it was scrawled on a renewal slip—was high tribute.

If Johnny Can't Read

The "world's first talking magazine" prepared last week to assault the ears of the reading public. *Hear*, a new 35¢ movie-fan bimonthly, will have pliable acetate records embedded in its front and back covers. By punching out the perforated record and playing it on a 78 r.p.m. phonograph, the fan will be able to hear his favorite star's very own voice. The first issue, with 300,000 copies already run off, will hit the newsstands early next month carrying recorded interviews with



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Tony Curtis and Jane Powell. For fans who can read, *Hear* also offers such written staples as "Who Put the Heat on Tab Hunter?" and "The Tragedy of Ava Gardner." The new magazine is the brain child of two Hollywood pressagents, gets its disks from Rainbo Records, whose president, Jack Brown, ran a World War II experimental project for the U.S. Navy to combat mosquito pollution by wooing the insects with recorded mosquito mating sounds. In its second issue *Hear* plans to woo fans with the breathy, come-hither voice of Marilyn Monroe, who will chat "about her romances . . . and all sorts of things."

Southern Hospitality

"Does the city desk know where to reach you at all times?" New York *Post* Editor James Wechsler asked nervously as he sent his Reporter Ted Poston, a Negro, to Montgomery, Ala. for a series on the plight of the Negro there. But, as Poston's series made plain in the *Post* last week, there was no cause for alarm. Reporter Poston, 49, who was roughed up while covering the Scottsboro case in 1933, explored the city of the 61-month-old Negro bus boycott for three weeks and found no danger, little tension—and plenty of help and hospitality from his white colleagues on the Montgomery Advertiser.

Advertiser Editor in Chief Grover C. Hall Jr. welcomed Poston to choose his own desk in the city room, opened the paper's files to him, set up appointments, offered him a staff photographer, and assigned City Editor Joe Azbell to act as guide and chauffeur. Poston hit it off so well with the staff that he told them a story on himself. He had instructions, he said, to phone Editor Wechsler every day with assurance that he had come to no harm. Poston added that he had got lost on Montgomery streets one night, and two white children had taken the trouble to lead him three blocks to a telephone.

Shorted Editor Hall: "Now what kind of reporting has been done on Montgomery that after 5 billion words by reporters from all over the world, a foremost New York editor is so grotesquely ignorant of Montgomery conditions that he wanted daily assurance that his reporter was among the living?"

The Red Tide

France's Communist press suffered its most calamitous postwar week. With part-time regularity, three provincial Communist dailies abruptly went out of business, a fourth teetered on the verge of closing, and a fifth announced that it would drop four of its five editions. Total circulation affected: 165,000. The reason was given as the "crushing charges that have been levied against the democratic press." Translation: rising expenses have put the Communist papers into an old-fashioned capitalist cost squeeze, aggravated by reader disillusionment over de-stalinization. Since 1950, France's 15 Communist dailies (circ. 1,250,000) have shrunk to nine (circ. 505,000).

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BUSINESS



ARTIST'S DRAWING OF ASWAN DAM TO HARNESS THE NILE: THE STAKES ALSO ARE HIGH

Arab Information Center

STATE OF BUSINESS

Banner Year?

Before a midyear Washington conference of business leaders in the U.S. Chamber of Commerce Hall of Flags last week, Dr. Emerson P. Schmidt, top U.S. Chamber economist, unfurled a banner prediction: "Nineteen fifty-six promises to be our best year in history in terms of production, employment and earnings. This prosperity ought to carry over into 1957."

Most businessmen at the symposium agreed with Dr. Schmidt's judgment that the year's "readjustments are, for the most part, behind us." Construction seems likely to top the record \$44 billion mark forecast earlier this year by the U.S. Government. Steel production in May soared over the 10 million-ton mark for the eighth straight month. While home building trailed last year's record level by 17% in 1956's first five months, largely because of the credit pinch, the Administration hinted last week that easier mortgage money is on the way. Auto dealers throughout the U.S. were paring inventories of unsold 1956 models at the rate of 4,000 cars a day.

Despite auto layoffs, employment and factory earnings in May topped last year's record levels for the same month. The brightening outlook was reflected on Wall Street: the stock market last week more than recovered the points lost on news of President Eisenhower's illness.

One big "if" in the outlook is the steel industry. In Manhattan, the Steelworkers angrily rejected industry proposals for a five-year contract, dismissed as "picaresque" the companies' offer of an annual 6¢ hourly raise and other benefits (including premium pay for Sunday work, starting in 1959), which the companies said would boost labor costs 65¢ an hour in five years. Snorted Steelworkers' President David McDonald: "The titans of industry have labored and brought forth a louse." But most steelmen remained hopeful that a contract would be signed by the July 1 deadline.

BANKING

Bearer of Light

(See Cover)

For centuries India's Damodar River, meandering 340 miles through the northwestern hills to the sea, has been known as the "River of Sorrow." A plaything of the seasons, in summer's 120° heat the river dried to a trickle in a parched gully. But in the monsoon, it became a raging torrent, scouring the Damodar Valley with malarial, crop-destroying floods. Last week the fickle Damodar could bear a new name: the River of Promise. Across its path stood three mighty dams, shunting water into irrigation ditches that will eventually reclaim 1,026,000 acres of wasteland, and four humming power plants generating 200,000 kw. of electric-power capacity. The valley's desert was turning green with crops; plumes of smoke from new plants rose in the air. With 80% of India's coal, 98% of its iron ore, and all of its copper ore, the Damodar Valley was beginning to bloom.

Halfway around the world in Mexico, another of humanity's sorrows was turning to promise. Huddled into a corner of Nayarit state, the squalid hamlet of Tecuala had for years had contact with the outside world only through a dirt mule track. But in 1951 an all-weather road pushed into Tecuala, and the town got a small, 600-kw. generator. Within weeks, the power plant put new life into Tecuala. A modern street-lighting system was installed, a water-pumping system modernized; Tecuala's hospital got refrigerators, fluorescent lighting, a fluoroscope. In short order, the town added a night school, a movie house, a public library, a daily newspaper, a radio station. Today, Tecuala boasts a population of 13,000 v. 1,000 only five years ago, and industry is arriving—an ice plant, two shoe factories, two ice-cream plants, two carpentry shops, a small shipyard on a nearby island. Said Tecuala's proud mayor: "Literally, I have witnessed our emergence from the dark ages into an age of light."

Tata & Kariba. Both India's Damodar Valley and Mexico's Tecuala owe their new prosperity to that most capitalistic of all capitalist archetypes: the banker. He is Eugene Black, president of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development—generally known as the World Bank. It was the World Bank that lent Mexico \$24 million to help bring power to Tecuala and other forgotten towns. To India it lent \$33 million for its Damodar project, and from both nations President Black expects to get every nickel back—with interest.

Last week Banker Black opened the moneybags for a still bigger loan to India: \$75 million (at 4½%) for a huge, new steel mill to be built by Kaiser Industries for Tata Iron & Steel Co. The plant will eventually increase India's steel output by 45% to 2,000,000 tons annually. This week another new loan—\$200 million to Chile—was approved, in Banker Black's biggest deal to date. With the money, Chile will launch an eight-year agricultural development plan to buy farm equipment, build new roads and start modern agricultural schools, thus make full use of its 50 million acres of arable land, only 3,000,000 acres of which are currently in crops.

Next week more money goes out, this time \$80 million to the Central African Federation (Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland) for a gigantic dam across Kariba Gorge on the Zambezi River south of Victoria Falls. For the money, Banker Black will see a 400-ft. dam rise to back the Zambezi up into a 1,500 sq. mi. lake, new power plants to provide 1,250,000 kw. of generating capacity for the federation's ballooning copper industry, its spreading cities and farms.

Progress & Achievement. The World Bank's president makes no bones about the fact that his job is much more than that of a money-lender. "We do our damndest," says he, "to spread capitalism." He is convinced that capitalism is the best way for the "developing" nations, as he calls primitive lands, to catch up

with the 20th century. By lending money in a businesslike way, he hopes to teach them one of capitalism's primary lessons: that money must be wisely invested to earn a profit, but that when it is, the harvest both for lender and borrower multiplies beyond all dreams. Black recognizes that the hunger of undeveloped nations for the fruits of mass production is the great political fact of modern times: "We are faced today by a revolution of expectancy. People are less and less content to live in the past or think in the past. The way to deal with a revolution of expectancy is to turn it into a revolution of achievement and progress."

In terms of the billions funneled out in direct U.S. Government aid abroad, Eugene Black's achievement appears modest. But, unlike direct foreign economic and military aid, its results are unquestioned and rarely disputed. Dollar for dollar, the World Bank has proved itself one of the most effective weapons in the cold war. In ten years, drawing funds from contributing member nations, it has lent only \$2.6 billion. But by concentrating on basic projects—utilities, agriculture, transportation—it has helped build a solid foundation for the economies of more than two-score nations.

The bank has also helped undeveloped nations draw up complete economic plans to stimulate private investment in consumer and heavy-industry projects outside its scope. Thus, where direct U.S. Government aid is often resented for its political strings, loans from the World Bank are welcomed. Says President Black: "When I am doing this job, I am international. As a business corporation, we are not plagued by the multitude of difficult questions that can arise when one sovereign nation treats with another. We cannot be charged with invading national sovereignty, with economic exploitation, or with political discrimination. The World Bank has no interest except to help its members."

Borsch to Buddha. Banker Black's polyglot borrowers range from businesslike Belgium to borsch-Red Yugoslavia and Buddhist Burma. Some projects:

¶ To Pakistan, six loans totaling \$77.3 million to recondition railways, exploit a vast natural-gas find at Sui in West Pakistan, extend the country's power supply, develop the port of Karachi. One project: \$3,250,000 for earth-moving machinery to divert three rivers, turn the barren Thal desert area into a 2,170,000-acre farm (wheat, cotton, sugar cane) belt.

¶ To Austria, two loans totaling \$22 million for Alpine hydroelectric projects to harness one of Europe's chief remaining undeveloped natural resources. One \$12 million loan is for the Reisseck-Kreuzeck power project to help add 112,000 kw. of generating capacity by 1958; the other \$10 million loan will go toward new dams and power stations to add 190,000 kw. of new capacity to the Ill River system in the Austrian Tyrol.

¶ To Colombia, \$95 million for highways, agriculture, railroads, and power development. Most dramatic project: a



BLACK & EGYPT'S NASSER



BLACK & BAHREIN'S SIR SULMAN



BLACK & INDIA'S NEHRU
From a capitalist, revolution.

railroad along the winding Magdalena River to replace stern-wheeler river boats as Colombia's main transport, open up vast new areas for cattle production.

¶ To Haiti, Finland, Norway, Burma, a total \$62 million in four loans, all within the last month. Haiti got \$2,600,000 for a three-year road program to improve much of its 1,875 miles of mule-track roads; Finland, \$15 million to help finance 344,000 kw. of new power capacity for industry; Norway, \$25 million to expand its enormous Tokke power project by 400,000 kw., eventually bring it to 800,000 kw.; Burma, two loans totaling \$10.4 million to help improve its Tooner-ville railroads, turn Rangoon into a first-class seaport with new cargo berths, warehouses, dredges and tugs.

Stokes in Cairo. Last week, on the tenth anniversary of the formal opening of the bank, President Black was in the midst of a 15,000-mile jaunt to Europe and the Middle East. In London he touched economic bases with Governor of the Bank of England Cameron F. Cobbold, Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick; in Paris, he chatted with Old Friend Pierre Mendès-France, lunched at the home of Bank of France Governor Wilfried Baumgartner. Flying on to Iran, Banker Black talked about accelerating Iran's seven-year, \$930 million development program which is paid for by oil royalties. Since oil revenues are low, Black was working out a \$32.5 million loan to get things rolling. This week Black moved on to Saudi Arabia, where oil money is often frittered rather than being spent on economic projects to improve the lot of the people. On the invitation of King Saud, he will advise the Saudis on how to invest their wealth more wisely.

Later this week Banker Black comes to the most crucial part of his trip: Egypt. The most important single development project in the world today is the proposed high dam spanning the Nile at Aswan. The 15-year, \$1.3 billion project will have 1,440,000 kw. of power capacity and increase Egypt's electric supply eightfold. Several months ago Black worked out a deal to lend Egypt \$200 million to help get the project started, with the U.S. and Great Britain adding grants of \$70 million. The only thing to be settled was the question of water rights between Egypt and neighboring Sudan.

Then the Russians, who had previously offered a \$300 million loan, started jiggling the bait again. Though Egypt's Strongman Gamal Abdel Nasser prefers Western aid, and knows that he will get more dam for the money with no political strings attached, he is cagily bargaining with both sides. Last week Nasser received Russia's junketing Foreign Minister Dmitry T. Shepilov, who arrived in Cairo with tempting new offers (see FOREIGN NEWS). But on this trip, Black hopes to nail down the deal once and for all. Both he and the Reds know the size of the stakes. Whoever helps build the high dam will have the key to much of



ON INDIA'S "RIVER OF SORROW," A NEW PROMISE

the future economic development in the Middle East.

Birth Pains. Compared to most citadels of high finance, Eugene Black's World Bank is as odd as a platypus in a poultry yard. In its slabsided headquarters in Washington, D.C., it does not even have a vault. Once, when money was left lying around—\$30,000 in travel funds—it was promptly stolen by a thief who made a clean getaway. The World Bank was born at the 1944 Bretton Woods Conference,* almost as an afterthought to its sister institution, the International Monetary Fund, set up to deal with the temporary "disequilibrium" in world currency-exchange rates. But the job of equalizing the world's moneys proved too much for the fund (see FOREIGN NEWS). However, with the bank, the Allies could get on with the practical business of reconstruction and economic development by promoting "private foreign investment . . . and when private capital is not available on reasonable terms," lending money itself.

The World Bank started out with 38 nations (now 58), each subscribing loan funds ranging from \$3.2 billion for the U.S. down to a minimum \$200,000 for Panama. In a partnership of the world's "haves" with the "have-nots," all nations cooperated to run the bank through a board of governors, one member from each country, and a president, who has always been an American. Only member nations were allowed to apply for loans, and since voting strength was weighted by the size of each national subscription (the U.S. has a 30% vote), the U.S. and other like-minded countries could exercise

an effective veto over any tendency to pauper profligacy by have-not partners.

From the start the bank had trouble, and its organization lagged until onetime RFC Banker and Washington Post Publisher Eugene Meyer moved in as the first president, set up a staff. Next, in 1947, came John Jay McCloy, onetime Assistant Secretary of War, who boldly started funneling out bank funds for the pressing reconstruction of Europe, a total of \$500 million in four big grants, \$250 million of it to France alone. Compared to the need, the loans were pitifully small, though they helped keep things going until the great flow of Marshall Plan aid started pouring from the U.S. Treasury.

The bank could do no more. It was in need itself, had to sell its bonds on U.S. securities markets to raise the money for loans. But foreign bonds were almost unsalable; so many foreign issues had defaulted in the '30s that more than 40 states restricted the purchase of foreign bonds. What McCloy needed was a good bond salesman, someone who could tell the story of what the bank was trying to do. His man was Gene Black, then 49, a senior vice president of Manhattan's Chase National Bank, and a salesman of rare talents. Within a year, as the U.S. executive director of the World Bank, Black had put over the first \$250 million World Bank bond issues. In 1949, when McCloy resigned to become U.S. High Commissioner for Germany (he is now board chairman of the merged Chase Manhattan Bank), Bond Salesman Black was tapped as his World Bank successor—at \$30,000 (tax free) a year.

The Four Bs. President Black is much more than an expert securities peddler. He is the world's leading salesman of the benefits of capitalism, and the Bank did not really reach its stride until he became its president.

Black seems to do his job with no more effort than it takes to sign a check. A tall (6 ft. 2 in.), setter-slim (160 lbs.), amiable Southerner, whose high-domed head is as bare of top hair as the globe itself, he floats effortlessly through the stratosphere of world finance. He is an eleganter (Homburg from London's Jamm Lock & Co., suits from Savile Row's Henry Poole), an amusing storyteller, a man of omnivorous tastes, who sums up his chief delights (besides Shakespeare) as "the four Bs—banking, baseball, Balzac and bourbon." As he makes his rounds, he speaks in an irretrievable Southern drawl, mixes so well that he charms people no matter how anti-banker or anti-American they are apt to be. Once, at a state dinner given by Marshal Tito, the conversation through interpreters was dragging badly when Tito, rotundly resplendent in his dress uniform, asked Black if he might try one of the banker's fancy Corona Corona cigars. After the Yugoslav dictator started to puff away, Black looked at him and drawled: "Now you look like a capitalist." Tito roared, and everyone relaxed.

Black's relaxed approach penetrates the entire World Bank. No tight-collared protocol man—"don't have time for it"—he keeps paperwork to a minimum, hardly ever writes a memo, instead prefers to work out problems face to face. He lets underlings work out projects, does not like to "discuss loans until they are just about on the edge of the stove."

In seven years he has been to 43 of the 58 World Bank member nations on bank business (plus such side trips as a visit to Sheikh Sir Sulman of Bahrain), though he is a poor traveler. He gets seasick, and his queasy stomach makes him pick at his food. "I've had diarrhea in 40 nations," he says with a wry grin. On every trip, Black, who likes two, and only two, drinks before dinner, takes along a case containing three bottles of his favorite bourbon (Old Forester), a second case with his cigars, a third with his coffee percolator. Though he is treated royally, Black rarely gets out of his hotel room abroad, usually spends his time huddled with hopeful loan-seekers. Says he: "I don't believe that anybody in the world has really traveled as much as I have and seen so little."

Outtraded. For an international traveler, Eugene Robert Black got a slow start. For the first 40 years of his life, except for a short hitch in the Navy, he barely budged from the Eastern U.S. seaboard. Born May 1, 1898 in Atlanta, he was the eldest of three children of Eugene Robert Black Sr., lawyer, banker, and a governor of the Federal Reserve Board, and Gussie Grady, daughter of famed Henry W. Grady, founder and firebrand first editor of the Atlanta Constitution. Young Gene grew up in a sprawling brick house on Peachtree Street, went to the Peacock preparatory school and was ready for college at 15. But already his father had given him a lesson in finance. When Gene got a new bicycle, his father asked him if he felt like trading it for a piece of

* Among the bank's founding fathers: onetime Treasury Braintrust Harry Dexter White, who was posthumously named a Communist spy. The Soviets fought against the formation of a World Bank, have never joined.

property. Young Gene bit at the deal, only to discover that the "property" was a nearly valueless inside lot, with no entrance or exit except across other people's land. Eventually, Black Jr. turned the lot into a profit by retrading it for a supply of eggs, which he sold. But he remembered the lesson, has since studied every deal with a microscope.

Bonds & Banks. At the University of Georgia, Black made Phi Beta Kappa ('17) with ease, soon after graduation went off to World War I as a Navy ensign on the cruiser *Chattanooga*. Back from the war, he worked as a cub reporter on the financial page of *Grandfather Grady's Constitution*, got married to Dolly Blacklock (she died in 1928, a few years after the birth of their second child), later went to work at Harris, Forbes & Co., a Manhattan brokerage house. He soon showed that he was a good salesman, spent the next 14 years traveling the South selling bonds. One of his specialties was selling foreign bond issues. Some of them later defaulted, says Black, because they were poorly planned and the use of the money rarely supervised. The memory has not lessened Black's caution in seeing how his loans are planned and spent.

By 1933 Black was a vice president of Harris, Forbes, and had been married again to a pretty Georgia girl named Susette Heath, daughter of a Coca-Cola vice president. When Manhattan's Chase National Bank absorbed Harris, Forbes in 1931, he moved steadily up the financial ladder, was vice president in charge

of the bank's \$2 billion investment portfolio when he moved to the World Bank.

Blueprints for Nations. From the start, World Banker Black discovered that his job was far bigger than merely making loans. Some applicants had no clear idea of what they wanted the loan for. One early visitor informed Black that his country needed about \$250 million. When asked how the money was to be used, he admitted that he had no particular plans. "We just wanted to get some of the bank's money before it was all gone," he explained. Those who did have specific projects rarely bothered to work out the economic details. Says Black: "It came as something of a surprise to learn that the tough problem wasn't going to be to raise the money for good projects. The tough problem was going to be to find projects good enough to warrant our lending."

For each project, teams of World Bank experts checked the plan to make sure it was workable. Black also found it increasingly valuable to take a look at the overall economy of a prospective borrower, gradually put the bank into the business of broad development planning. In 1949 the government of Colombia asked the bank for a team of experts to help work out a countrywide development program. A dozen specialists spent the better part of a year studying Colombia's basic problems, turned in a volume that became Colombia's charter for development, advising on how to attract foreign capital, how to encourage investment by Colombia's own citizens. The government fol-

lowed it so carefully that Colombia now has ten World Bank loans totaling \$94 million and is rapidly expanding.

To date, 14 such general missions have gone out to member countries. And to insure that the reports are not merely filed and forgotten, the Bank insists that the country asking such help pay half the cost of the mission. In several cases, the bank has actually taken a hand in helping run a member nation's economy. At Nicaragua's request, the World Bank stationed two of its experts in the capital for a year to advise Dictator Anastasio Somoza, now keeps one man on duty permanently.

Actually, says Black, "trained people are needed more than money in underdeveloped countries." To supply the need, the bank currently runs a year-long course for junior-rank career officials, training them in such subjects as balance of payments, national-income accounting, project preparation, etc. Black has also set up a school for senior governmental officials. Among his students last week: Colombia's national-planning director, the financial adviser of Pakistan, the economic director for Egypt's finance ministry.

Conditions & Creditors. With all its fine-tooth preparation, the World Bank purposely takes a long time to negotiate a project, and follows it through to the final rivet. "We are accused of imposing a lot of conditions," says Black. "That is absolutely true. We are proud of it." In Thailand, for example, the bank agreed to finance modernization of the government-owned railway system only

Austrian Information Service



FROM AUSTRIA'S REISSECK-KREUZECK PROJECT, MORE POWER & LIGHT

TIME CLOCK

MONOPOLY PROSECUTIONS will be harder as a result of U.S. Supreme Court decision that Du Pont does not have a Cellophane monopoly. Court held that Du Pont's 69% of Cellophane market is not a monopoly because Cellophane faces competition from paper and other wrappings. Government in future will have to prove that a company not only has a monopoly with its product but also monopolizes the entire field.

RED PLANES are being offered to India at bargain prices in an effort to crack the air-transport market there. Indian Airlines, which wants to replace its fleet of obsolete U.S. and British planes, has an offer of twin-engine Ilyushin transports at about \$200,000 apiece, with delivery promised within a year v. Western delivery schedules of two to three years for planes that cost upwards of \$600,000.

LOUIS WOLFSON, who bought control of Washington Capital Transit in 1949 for \$2,189,160, milked it, then lost its franchise when Congress got angry about a 52-day strike, may reap even more than an estimated \$5,300,000 profit for himself and his group. National City Lines of Chicago has offered to buy Capital for \$13.4 million, and if deal goes through, Wolfson will receive \$56 on each share for which he paid \$20, emerge with a \$9,500,000 total profit (before taxes), a whopping 332% return.

FIRST ATOMIC-POWER reactor under President Eisenhower's atoms-for-peace plan has been ordered from Baltimore's Glenn L. Martin Co. by the Dominican Republic. The deal, contingent on a bilateral agreement between the U.S. and General Trujillo, will boost power-hungry Ciudad Trujillo's electrical output by 27%.

COSTLIER COFFEE is in store, caused by U.S. competition for quality South American beans, which

are in short supply due to rain damage. Most vacuum-packed brands will soon retail for \$1.10 per lb. v. the \$1.40 record set as a result of market manipulation in 1954. Instant coffee will go up about 8¢ per 6-oz. jar.

BELGIUM'S PETROFINA will move into U.S. oil industry by paying \$25 million for independent Texas oil producer Panhandle Oil Corp. Petrofina, Belgium's biggest oil company and owner of a \$125 million Canadian subsidiary, will be first European concern to buy U.S. oil properties outright since World War I.

TRANSATLANTIC FARE CUTS will probably be introduced by U.S. overseas airlines in October. Round-trip tourist-class tickets selling for \$400, about 20% below present minimum rates, will be restricted at first to 15-day round trips on U.S. carriers. European members of the International Air Transport Association blocked unlimited cut-rate service until April 1958.

COAL EXPORTS will increase through a partnership between John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers, coal companies, exporters, and big coal-hauling railroads. They have formed a \$50 million corporation (which will issue 500,000 shares of stock at \$100 apiece) to buy cargo ships, bring down the rising shipping rate and thus increase European exports, which hit 27 million tons last year, are expected to reach 44 million tons by 1960.

SOUTHERN PAPER BOOM is luring Hudson Pulp & Paper Corp. into newsprint production in Florida. The New York kraft maker will build a \$25 million plant, has already started negotiation with Southern publishers for sale of its 120,000-ton annual output. Bowater Paper Corp. and International Paper Co., the South's biggest paper-makers, also are expanding newsprint production.

for his action, call his stand shortsighted in view of Brazil's enormous potential. Snorts one Brazilian economist: "Black has a small-town banker mentality." Be that as it may, World Banker Black firmly believes that the safest, surest road to long-range prosperity lies in making certain that the day-to-day economy remains sound.

The same is true for Turkey, where the bank has loans totaling \$63.4 million for a hydroelectric project, highway and harbor improvement. To help build the huge earthen Seyhan Dam, the World Bank funneled out \$25 million for turbines, generators, power stations, which it hopes will eventually cut electric-power costs in the cotton-producing Adana area by 75%. Yet recently, Turkey's economic development has been hampered by inflation and a multitude of other economic ills, largely brought on by Turkey's own economic ineptness. As a result, a resident World Bank adviser strongly urged better coordination of overall economic policy. The proud Turks objected so angrily that the bank was forced to withdraw its man. But as the economic troubles get worse, the Turkish government will have to start taking the World Bank's strong medicine of curbing imports, tightening domestic credit, reducing subsidies to favored industries.

More the Merrier. All told, the World Bank by the end of fiscal 1956 (next week) will have made 151 loans to 43 nations for a grand total of \$2,750,000,000. Next year the funds should flow even faster. Within the next few months, a new World Bank subsidiary, the International Finance Corp., will start operating to bring more private investment into the bank's projects. Currently, the bank cannot lend funds that are not backed up by member government guarantees. IFC will answer the need for more risk capital by being empowered to invest directly in productive private enterprises without a government guarantee. With a U.S. Government subscription of \$35.2 million, IFC already has \$64.6 million, will soon have \$75 million and enough to start lending.

So far the World Bank has been largely an intergovernmental operation. But Banker Black hopes that IFC will act as a catalyst to draw in more private investment in developing nations abroad. As it is, the bank has already mobilized nearly \$1 billion in private investment overseas by selling its bonds on world security markets, the best proof of the soundness of its projects. But there is need for more.

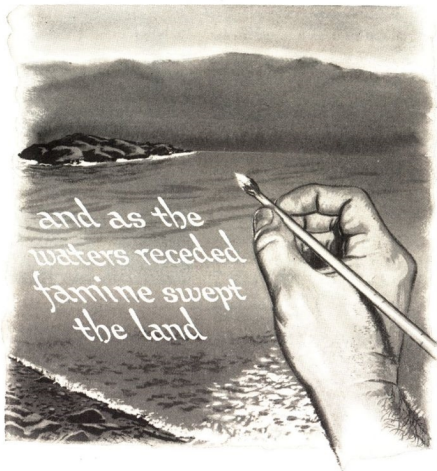
For businessmen with vision, Black feels that the prospects for more international development are truly impressive. Vast new markets are being opened by the growing populations of Latin America, Asia and Africa. Yet Ethiopia, for example, with nearly as many people as New York state, buys less than 50¢ worth of U.S. products per capita a year v. nearly \$50 per capita for such developed nations as Belgium and Luxembourg. "The question of economic development is impor-

on condition that it be set up as an autonomous agency, free from any government interference.

When a loan is finally signed, the bank never finances the total cost of the project, requires the borrower to find enough local capital to meet local expenditures for labor and materials. Thus Black estimates that the bank's \$2.6 billion in loans has prompted well over \$3 billion of additional investment, plus an incalculable amount of other benefits, as each new project breeds new industries, which in turn give rise to still more. Furthermore, the bank rarely hands over a lump sum for a project, instead gives the borrower credit on its books to pay for specified equipment, all of which must be bought by international competitive bidding.

When a country gets off the beam, the World Bank is as tough as any other

banker. Currently, the bank is on strained terms with both Brazil and Turkey. Beginning in 1947, the bank made ten loans worth \$194 million to Brazil—\$90 million for a big hydroelectric project on the Paraíba and Paraí rivers to increase electric-power capacity for Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo by 637,000 kw.; \$12.5 million to rehabilitate the Central do Brasil railroad; \$3,000,000 to improve highways around Rio; another \$25 million to produce 96,000 more kw. of power capacity in the state of Rio Grande do Sul. All went well until 1953, when Brazil went on an import spending spree that it could ill afford. The bank advised Brazil to reduce its imports. Brazil ignored this Dutch-uncle advice, and the bank reluctantly decided to make no further loans until the economic climate cleared. Brazilians bitterly criticize President Black



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tant to every man, woman and child in America," says Black. "We have built up our productive capacity. We have got to have people to sell it to. It's as simple as that."

Banker Black draws a parallel between the development of backward nations and the South's renaissance after the Civil War. Says he: "The Civil War knocked us flat on our backs and left us there for a period of nearly 20 years. Slowly and painfully we picked ourselves up. We began to save and invest a little money in farming and industry. Other investment came creeping cautiously in from the North. A little capital begot more capital; a little expansion begot more expansion. The process began accelerating around the time of the first World War, and in the past two decades has been moving at a phenomenal rate. We are today one of the fastest-developing regions not only in the U.S. but in the world. When you see development in the perspective of decades, then it is a very exciting and dramatic business indeed—a business which can make all the difference in our incomes, in the opportunities for us and our children, in the satisfactions we get from life."

WALL STREET

Big Wheel from Akron

One of the fastest-rising stocks on the American Exchange has been Bellanca Corp., onetime planemaker. From a low of 48 in 1954 it soared to a peak of 30½ before it eased off to 20 a few weeks ago. Much of the rise came after Sydney Albert, 49, of Akron, a promoter and juggler of corporations, got control of Bellanca 16 months ago. By outright purchase or trades for Bellanca stock, he gathered in dozens of small companies, paid out enough stock dividends to keep Bellanca stock going up and its holders happy. Few seemed worried that Bellanca lost \$284,464 last year—until last week. Then the worries over the financial condition of Bellanca and Promoter Albert grew so great that the price of Bellanca stock collapsed.

From 20 it had slid to 14½. Then, in one day, it dropped another 5½ points to 9. Next trading day, the rush to sell was so great that the exchange had to stop trading in the stock; when trading was resumed, it slid to a low of 5½. At week's end Bellanca had rallied a bit and was up to 7½. Stockholders had taken a bad beating, but the big loser was Albert, who had held 950,000 shares when the slide started. His paper loss: about \$20 million.

Stolen Horse. Long after the horse had been stolen, the American Stock Exchange and SEC rushed to the stable, began to investigate to find out the why. The reason was plain. To finance some of his corporate purchases, Albert had borrowed heavily from South Bend, Ind.'s Associates Discount Corp. When Albert fell a year behind in his payments, the Discount Corp. took judgment a fortnight ago on \$1,372,622 in Albert loans, tying up his personal bank accounts. When word got out that Albert could not pay his bills,



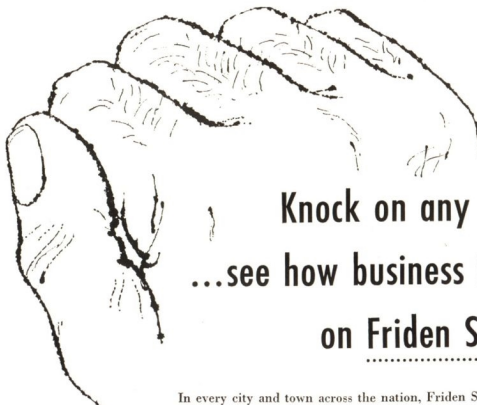
BELLANCA'S ALBERT
After a fling, a fall.

Bellanca stockholders began to sell. As the stock dropped, four brokerage houses, which held thousands of shares of Bellanca stock in Albert's margin accounts, were forced to dump it on the market as Albert's margin fell below the 70% required by the Federal Reserve Board. In all, 350,000 of Albert's shares were sold in a few days.

Albert's fall had been far faster than even his fast rise. He got his start by trading his holdings in L. Albert & Son, a family rubber-mill and plastic-molding machinery business that he inherited from his father (1954 gross: \$1,246,000), for 82% of the 1,300,000 shares of Bellanca, then a corporate shell which had some aircraft-parts contracts. Thus, he got a listing on the American Stock Exchange, and a ready market for stock. Albert promptly bought or traded into major interests in a grab bag of some 70 companies, including control of Waltham Watch Co. and Pierce Governor, of which he became chairman.

Find the Assets. His specialty was to find small but solid companies that had undervalued assets on the books, i.e., a warehouse or machinery which had been fully depreciated, thus were on the books for a nominal value of \$1, although worth far more. By selling off these assets, Albert picked up cash, which he used to buy more companies when he could not trade stock.

At week's end Albert was reportedly dickering with a New York group either to take over Bellanca or bail him out with cash. He had lost his holdings in Waltham Watch and resigned as chairman of Pierce Governor, which promptly proclaimed that it was in sound condition. Only Albert knew what shape Bellanca was in, but even he was not sure. When an aide was asked what properties Albert still owns, he replied: "I don't know, and I don't think Mr. Albert knows."



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THE THEATER

New Revue in Manhattan

New Faces of '56—Producer Leonard Sillman seems to be restricting these shindigs to presidential-election years—is agreeably sassy and glossily intimate. If there is a serious weakness, it is much the weakness of *New Faces of '52*: the product isn't really up to the packaging. Peter Larkin, largely with airy spiral staircases and rows of slatted doors, has created gay all-purpose backgrounds, and Thomas Becher has brought to the costuming just the right lunacy or lure. The 19 new faces are often expressive as well as likable, the show moves pleasantly along, the turns vary considerably in style.

They also vary considerably in merit. The best job is young Actor T. C. Jones's female impersonations, especially of Tallulah. Short-haired Billie Hayes makes a lively ditty of *I Could Love Him*, Virginia Martin a lively ditty of *Talent*. In *La Ronde* a foursome smoothly act out a liltish tune. Funniest spoof proves to be one more take-off on a big Ziegfeld-era staircase number, with a showgirl, rigged out like an entire orange grove, having a ghastly time on the stairs. There is fun in *Steady, Edna*, which rags a British jungle film, while an upper-class British domestic skit has a husband shouting, "To hell with cricket," and his wife replying coldly, "Any one who would say that would strike the Queen."

There are also some skits going down for the third time with their first remark, and human dolls being dainty and very dull, and people who whirl energetically about acting out their dreams. Such things make it hard to apply to the show as a whole any more commodious word of praise than cheerful or friendly.

New Musical in Manhattan

Shangri-La (based on James Hilton's novel *Lost Horizon*; music by Harry Warren; book and lyrics by James Hilton, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee) is not what it was under Hilton management. It was obviously tempting to make a musical of James Hilton's famous story about plane-wrecked Occidentals discovering an Asian Utopia where life is serene, desires are moderate, people mellow. But there is possibly something more than just comic about using a Broadway musical to portray serenity and moderation. There is something truly misguided: a Broadway musical is one of the very few places where a controlled frenzy and a tasteful immorality seem in order.

Visually there can be no complaints about *Shangri-La*. Peter Larkin's sets have beauty, atmosphere, even—by music-comedy standards—moderation; and Irene Sharaff offers charmingly exotic and ceremonial costumes. But what is most impressive about the evening could be almost as well conveyed in a stereotypical show. Harry Warren's music is commonplace. What action there is, however momentarily piquant, soon languishes. Hard

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WEBSTER

The Prestige Cigar

though the show tries to be cheerful, philosophy is always breaking in, and no sooner does philosophy take its ease than show business bangs loudly on the door. For all Shirley Yamaguchi's sweet reedy singing, and the libretto's thoughtful and pretty words, Utopia seems freshened up by a touch of vulgar Broadway speed or a bit of Harold Langri-la. Lang and Joan

Holloway get in some lively dancing, and Comedienne Alice Ghostley throws out some wonderfully mad looks.

But then serenity—in some translations called sluggishness—reasserts itself: the High Lama prates mellowly of Shangri-La's past, Dennis King stands around expertly at a loss, and the desire for controlled frenzy mounts.

MILESTONES

Married. Geneviève de Galard-Ter-raube, 31, onetime French flight nurse whose 58 days of selfless ministrations to beleaguered French troops in Indo-China (1954) earned her the title of "Angel of Dienbiênphu"; and Captain Jean de Heaulme de Boutocq, 33, St. Cyr-educated French parachutist and veteran of the Indo-China war; in Paris.

Married. Winthrop Rockefeller, 44, oil-heir-turned-Arkansas-cattle-baron; and Jeannette Edris Barrager Bartley McDonnell, 37, Seattle real-estate million-heiress; he for the second time (his first: Barbara—"Bobo"—Jievute Paulekiute Sears), she for the fourth (her first: Nate Barrager, 1929 football captain at the University of Southern California); at Hayden Lake, Idaho.

Married. Gordon Gray, 47, shy, sandy-haired Assistant Secretary of Defense, ex-president (1950-55) of the University of North Carolina, onetime (1949-50) Secretary of the Army and special assistant to Harry Truman on foreign aid (the "Gray Report"), first director of the U.S. Government's Psychological Strategy Board, head of the special security board of the AEC that barred Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer from access to the nation's top atom secrets, publisher; and Mrs. Nancy Maguire Beebe, 31; both for the second time; in Washington, D.C.

Divorced. By Arthur Miller, 40, Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright (*Death of a Salesman*) and current romantic interest, according to the tabloids, of Cinemactress Marilyn Monroe, 30; Mary Grace Slattery Miller, 40; after 16 years of marriage, two children; in Reno.

Divorced. By Jane Froman, 45, brunette singer of stage (*Ziegfeld Follies*), nightclubs, radio and TV, wartime U.S.A. favorite whose gallant comeback after a 1943 plane crash in Portugal (and 25 leg operations) was recorded in a Hollywood film biography (*With a Song in My Heart*): John Curtis Burn, 41, Pan American pilot and officer of the Yankee Clipper that went down with Singer Froman (whom he held above icy Tagus River waters for nearly an hour before being rescued); after eight years of marriage, more than one of separation, no children; in Las Vegas, Nev.

Died. Frank Trumbauer, 56, goateed hot saxophonist of the Jazz Age, music-

making crony of the late great Cornettist Bix Beiderbecke, and wartime test pilot; of a heart attack; in Kansas City, Mo.

Died. Ralph Morgan (real name: Ralph Wuppermann), 72, veteran (since 1908) character actor of stage (*Strange Interlude*) and screen (*Magnificent Obsession*), elder brother of the late Comedian Frank Morgan, son of George Wuppermann, founder and first president of the Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. (biters); after long illness, in Manhattan.

Died. Joseph Buell Ely, 75, white-thatched Boston lawyer and textile executive (American Woolen Co.), twice (1931-35) Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, once (1944) anti-Roosevelt candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination; of complications six months after a brain operation; in Westfield, Mass. At the 1932 Democratic National Convention in Chicago, Joe Ely nominated his longtime friend Al Smith, gave reluctant support to Franklin Roosevelt only after F.D.R. became the convention's choice. Ely charged that a "pink fringe of Socialists and Communists" surrounded F.D.R., and Ely's supporters averred that his unsuccessful 1944 candidacy was designed to split the Democratic Party and force Roosevelt to withdraw.

Died. Dr. Ernst Leitz, 85, bushy-browed boss (since 1920) of Germany's famed Leitz optical works (Leica cameras) and son of the founder; in Wetzlar, Germany. The Leitzes first introduced the Swiss watch industry's mass production technique to microscopy, later (1924) added the Leica as a sideline. But by 1930 the tail was wagging the dog, and miniature cameras and candid photography became a worldwide craze.

Died. Sir Frank Brangwyn, 89, British mural painter, longtime mainstay of Britain's Royal Academy, best known in the U.S. for his sepia-and-white, archaic panels (*New Frontiers*) in Manhattan's Rockefeller Center (R.C.A. Building lobby); in Ditchling, England. Because he always hated having his works "pawed over by a lot of strangers," Sir Frank gave away some half million dollars' worth to friends and fans. Others are pawed over in: the Canadian Parliament Building (Ottawa), London's Royal Exchange Building, the Cleveland Court House, Missouri's capitol building, the civic center in Swansea, Wales.



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LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
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BOOKS

Unforgiven Trespasses

A DANCE IN THE SUN (209 pp.)—Dan Jacobson—Harcourt, Brace (\$3.50).

In ancient law, a debtor was bound to a creditor, sometimes with chains. This piece of jurisprudence, so mysterious to the modern mind, provides the clue to *A Dance in the Sun*, the second novel of the talented young (27) South African novelist, Dan Jacobson.

It is a short novel and, on the surface, tells simply the story of two white university students who are hitchhiking to Cape Town on their summer vacation. Their road leads through the Karroo, a desert plateau of Cape Province. Beside a dry river at the sun-blistered dorp of Mirredal, they put up for the night in a ruined boarding house. It is full of grotesque and expensive furniture; they are the only lodgers, and its sole occupants are a man, his wife and, of course, the usual African servants.

Windbag Who Bobbles. There is something odd about the man, Fletcher, a windbag who hables about irrigating the Karroo with atomic power and establishing a world government on the lines of South Africa's present Nationalist regime. The man's wife is silent and bitter. But the pair beg the students to stay with them for a free holiday. Thus the boys come to sense the fear that lies under Fletcher's racial brag. The house is subtly menaced by a big old illiterate Kaffir, Joseph, who just hangs about. Man and wife are desperately afraid of this good and harmless man. It is all a boring mystery to the two boys until the wife's brother arrives, and in a night of violence, in which the prodigal wrecks all the furni-



Terence Le Goubin

NOVELIST JACOBSON

Strange fears beneath a racial brag.

ture in the house, they piece together the elements of a painful melodrama.

The prodigal had been driven from the house, years before, for the worst of South African crimes—he had fathered a child by black Joseph's sister. The girl with her little Bastaard, "yellow and wrinkled like a stone," had been sent packing. Big Joseph, on a pilgrimage as painful as that of the black pastor in Alan Paton's *Cry, The Beloved Country*, had made his pitiful trek to discover what happened to his sister and her child. After failing in his search, he had returned to make a moral

judgment of the whites who had wronged him. His sentence: he dooms the whites to his own company, and still using the language of the "good" (i.e., subservient) Kaffir, moves into the ruined house.

"No, Baas." "Can't you leave me alone?" asks Fletcher. "No, baas." In these simple words, the formula of a social poison is stated. There is no forgiveness of trespasses, but a meting-out preading the New Testament. Joseph has made of himself a human albatross, and he and the ones who have wronged him will hang together to the end. Fletcher, the white man, is left in a hysteria of frustration, "dancing there, solitary in the veld, a grotesque little figure, capering under a blazing sun."

It is a beautifully told parable of South Africa's present condition, and proves, if nothing more, that a racial crisis—like that of adolescence—can produce the good prose of a young man from the pimples of apartheid. Racial strain seems to have made of many South African writers experts with the twisted threads of human intercourse.

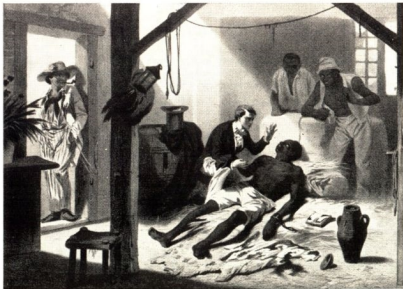
Up from Slavery

GOODBYE TO UNCLE TOM (435 pp.)—J. C. Furnas—Sloane (\$6).

Here is a book on the Negro in America with a startling thesis. Author J. C. Furnas (*—And Sudden Death, Anatomy of Paradise*) argues that all U.S. thinking about the Negro for the past century has been shaped directly or indirectly by one book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the play fashioned from it—the Negroes' detriment.

According to Furnas, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the pious New England zealot was "small personally as well as physically, glib, lazy-minded, a common denominator of millions of the brains and consciences of her time." The key "crimes" of which he accuses her are 1) knowing little or nothing of the South and of how slavery operated, 2) promoting racial stereotypes, e.g., Topsy, the comical wif, faithful, cheek-turning Tom, 3) talking genetic nonsense about the "African race," 4) implying that a Negro's taste for freedom and education grow proportionately to his infusions of "white blood." With the aid of some 387 books, pamphlets and articles listed in his bibliography, Author Furnas raps the ghostly knuckles of Mrs. Stowe. Though *Goodbye to Uncle Tom* sometimes lapses into a footnotational frenzy of Ph.D. dimensions, that rarely seems to dim a highlights' history of U.S. slavery that is checkablock with information most Americans have either forgotten or never knew.

Jefferson & Jackson. The first slave to be sold on what was to become U.S. soil, Furnas says, landed at Jamestown in 1619, a full year before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth. The early settlers saw nothing immoral in slavery, since many a white was himself an indentured servant and little better off. Economically, slave labor was on the way out when Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin and made



New-York Historical Society

THE DEATH OF UNCLE TOM
Raps on the ghostly knuckles of Mrs. Stowe.

*"If I worked for Hires,
I wouldn't mind if they
paid me in root beer!"*

*"Oh, you'd take the pay
plus the group insurance, too
...if you had four boys!"*



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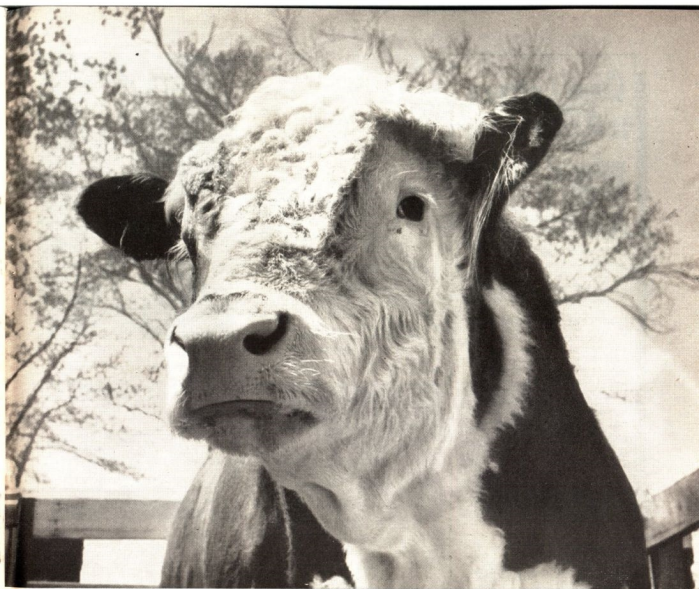
it profitable to keep huge tracts of land in cultivation. Even so, a rich planter might clear no more than a 1% profit annually. A representative weekly food ration for a slave was "a peck of meal, three pounds of bacon, and a pint of molasses." The housing rule of thumb on the plantations was six Negroes to one room, usually 16 ft. by 18 ft. in size, but the log cabin Lincoln grew up in was meaner than some slave quarters.

Slaves could marry, but the union was not legally recognized in the South. One Kentucky minister with auction-block separations in mind amended the words in slave weddings to "till death or distance do you part." Women slaves were often prey to the master's amatory whims. Some historians hold that even the great Jefferson fathered mulatto offspring and he was twitted for it in caustic verse:

*The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his Negro's shed,
Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's grace
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace . . .*

While the slave trader (Andrew Jackson was one for a while) and the overseer with his bull whip were the logical villains of slavery, the master sometimes hid in inventive cruelty. One South Carolina owner used to put his Negroes in hogheads with nails driven in all around and roll them downhill. One fugitive slave, possibly a survivor of some such punishment, had himself nailed up in a box 3 ft. by 2½ ft. by 2 ft. and survived a 25-hour shipment on the railroad to the North. There was a real-life model for Eliza who fled across Ohio River ice, but with no bloodhounds in pursuit. In fact, the bloodhounds are a bit of stage business thought up by the play adapter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and do not exist in Mrs. Stowe's novel.

All Blood Is Red. Once Author Furnas deserts history for genetics, he goes off on some fairly esoteric, and often vague, tangents ("Families showing six-toedness as a recessive trait are a good rule-proving exception"). In a tone of things-I-never-knew-till-now, he announces several latter-day commonplaces, such as 1) under equal environmental advantages, Negroes stack up well with whites in IQ tests, 2) Negroes have no unique odor of their own, 3) Africa is a racial crazy quilt, and the modern American Negro is no more closely related to his African ancestors than a modern Greek is to an ancient Greek, 4) all blood is red, and it is uniform except for blood groups. Well-meant though all of this undoubtedly is, it smacks of an overly reasoned-out love-thy-neighbor-BECAUSE philosophy rather than a simple love-thy-neighbor. It even makes Harriet Beecher Stowe's righteous indignation on the closing page of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* sound refreshingly wholesome and not a bit out of date: "This is an age of the world when nations are trembling and convulsed . . . and is



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and the help it gets from banks.

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To overcome normal waste and still get popular cuts of beef, pork or lamb down to a price people are willing to pay, packers must find new uses for by-products. They must continually develop new methods of marketing and invest heavily in scientific research.

To do all these things and run their daily business, meat packers require heavy cash outlays and regularly turn to commercial banks for loans. Thus, banks help bring the sizzling steak, leg of lamb and holiday ham to your table.

As a matter of fact, wherever you look in American business or industry, you'll find commercial banks using their resources and services to keep money moving, and to

stimulate industrial growth that benefits everybody.

The Chase Manhattan Bank of New York, leading lender to U. S. industry, presents these facts about meat packing to point up the daily contributions which commercial banks make to American living.

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Love Letters to Rambler



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William R. Yerkes
operates his own tree
surgeon business in
Topeka, Kansas. A
graduate of Kansas
State College, Mr.

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America safe? Every nation that carries in its bosom great and unredressed injustice has in it the elements of this last convulsion . . . Oh, Church of Christ, read the signs of the times!"

Tennessee's World

IN THE WINTER OF CITIES (117 pp.)
—Tennessee Williams—New Directions
(\$3.50).

One account has it that Thomas Lanier Williams changed his first name to Tennessee because he wanted to disassociate from the bad stuff he had written when his name was Tom. A lot of that early work was poetry; like a lot of young men and women, he had tried to write like Edna St. Vincent Millay without knowing one end of a burning candle from the other. But even as Tennessee, and even after *The Glass Menagerie* and *A Streetcar Named Desire* had proved where his real talent lay, Williams went on writing poetry.

In *The Winter of Cities* is a collection of all his poems Tennessee Williams, 42, "wishes to preserve." His publisher believes that they would make him an "important poet if he had not written a line for the stage." What is nearer the truth is that their interest derives from the way they help explain the roiled and vaporous creative innards of the tortured little man who is rated the nation's No. 1 playwright by most U.S. critics.

Like the plays, the poems are based squarely on his wanderings, his observations, his intense conviction that human love is forever battering itself to pieces on the jagged reefs of brutality, ignorance and misunderstanding. Some of them are as personal as a confession; *Cortège* could easily be an outline for one of his bitterly pessimistic one-acters:

Cold, cold, cold
was the merciless blood of your father.

By the halo of his breath
your mother knew him . . .

loathing the touch
of the doorknob he had clasped,

hating the napkin
he had used at the table.

And the speaker of the poem, like any brutality-conditioned Williams stage character, lost at home his belief "in everything but loss," already sensed in the future

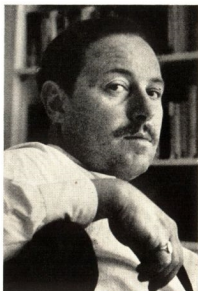
the loveless acts
of crude and familiar knowledge.

When he writes about *The Man in the Dining Car*, he writes of himself:

Yes, he grew restive against confinement,
bought a one-way ticket to another place,
changed his name,

but new people and places cannot help, for
What he carried with him was an invisible ballast.

Compounded of despair and loneliness, this is the kind of mental ballast that is inevitably tied down by chains of cyni-



POET WILLIAMS
An itch for heavenly grass.

cism. Rays of compassion in poems and plays notwithstanding, Williams cannot hold back part of the contempt he feels for man and his role on earth. In *Carrousel Time* it comes out:

Turn again, turn again, turn once again;
the freaks of the cosmic circus are men.

We are the gooks and geeks of creation;
Believe-it-or-Not is the name of our star.
Each of us here thinks the other is queer
and no one's mistaken since all of us are!

There are a few simple mountain ballads that sing a gentler tune, and *The Christus of Guadaluja* shows an embracing awareness of the meaning of Christian pity. It is true that most of these poems, some of them rich in language and nearly all steeped in emotion, are barish on the human condition. No one reading them or seeing Williams' latest play (*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*) is apt to suppose that Tennessee Williams is changing his point of view. But not even Williams can stew complacently in pessimism all the time. He knows that there really are destinations other than despair, and finds that

Now my feet walk far and my feet
walk fast,
But they still got an itch for heavenly
grass.
But they still got an itch for heavenly
grass.

Of Moose & Men

PEMMICAN (319 pp.)—Vardis Fisher—
Doubleday (\$3.95).

This is the definitive book on the preparation of pemmican, and incidentally, a novel about the Hudson's Bay Company of a century ago, and one of its rugged chief traders.

David McDonald is a big (6 ft. 2 in.

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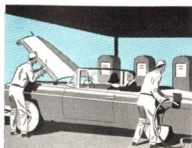
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220 lbs.) man and true, who eats his buffalo liver raw and sometimes wonders whether he is a man or a moose. In the 23rd book of his long and musky career, saga-gaga Novelist Vardis Fisher (*Testament of Man*, seven volumes so far, five to come) surrounds David & Co. with tons of Indians—bucks, squaws, half-breeds—plus prairies full of buffalo meat, oceans of rum, and a plot made of walrus blubber. David is a deep thinker, but on somewhat specialized lines: he broods mostly on pemmican and squaws, in that order.

Squaw and Pemmican Unite. David's pemmican is not a simple hunk of dried buffalo meat. It needs, for its perfection, to be compounded with thimbleberries, grasshoppers, elk marrow, pounded buffalo tongues, moose noses, beaver tails, fish fat, porcupine belly and otter blubber, not to speak of flies and maggots. Squaws, too, could be improved upon. But when Hero David meets a squaw whose bare bosom makes him think of a pair of "sundarkened thimbleberries," the two passions of his career are united; he is a goner. To reassure critics of integration, Author Fisher takes pains to show that Squaw Sunday, princess of the Blackfeet, is really white. Covered as she is with bear grease and vermilion, she smells pretty bad. But to a man who can survive temperature cold enough to split a tree and "mosquitoes as big as owls," this is by no means a deterrent.

When he is not trying to wash off all that bear fat from Princess Sunday, big dimwit David is trying to hold up his end of the fur trade against the encroaching North West Company—or "pedlars," as they are called by Hudson Bay's old guard—and H.B.'s head man, Lord Selkirk, a contemptible character who weighs only 110 lbs. While brooding on his diet ("In a day or two he intended to eat an entire raw liver, for he had been feeling groggy lately: a straight meat diet was getting him down"), David manages to get himself tied up to a tree while a squaw supervises a small Indian boy in cutting off one of his thumbs. He gets free, of course, and goes back to "making pemmican and thinking."

Adorable Blood. His thoughts move on to love, to the tender day he found Princess Sunday eviscerating a buffalo: "She looked so adorable, with blood smeared over her face . . . She sliced liver off and he plopped it into his mouth, a piece as large as one of his hands, and he chewed and gulped and choked, with liver juices bursting out of the corner of his mouth, his eyes winking at her contentedly."

By now, even the hungriest reader might find the most sympathetic character a half-breed named Buffalo Dung, who deeply dislikes David and aims an arrow at his digestive juices. Unhappily, Buffalo Dung misses, and the epic staggers to its end like a strayed moose caught in an Armour's assembly line. By then, for those who wonder Quo Vardis Fisher?, heap big David and contented new Squaw Sunday are headed West, perhaps to Hollywood.

MISCELLANY

All in the Family. In Fort Lauderdale, Fla., two young waitresses got into conversation in their attorney's office where both were filing divorce suits, learned that each had the same complaint—a wife-beating husband—also that each had the same husband, filed bigamy charges instead.

Professional Liability. In Los Angeles, arrested for practicing medicine without a license, and posing as a "nutritional expert," 84-lb. William Buchanan was spared a jail sentence when the court found him suffering from malnutrition.

After Due Consideration. In Madison, Wis., after she deliberately backed into her husband's car, Mrs. Erwin Heldt told the cops: "I did it because he bumped into mine last week."

The Hole Truth. In Long Beach, Calif., arrested after he made off with a truckload of doughnuts, Sailor Robert Homestead, 22, told cops: "I don't know why I did it; I don't even like doughnuts."

Time for a Change. In Anderson, S.C., charged with malicious mischief after he set off two sticks of dynamite at a political rally, ex-Convict Andes ("Footsie") Wood explained to cops: "I did it just to live up the meeting a bit. I couldn't see who was talking from where I was."

Open Verdict. In Cincinnati, after firing Meter Reader Robert V. Lyons when he was charged with stabbing Mrs. Audrey Evers Pugh on a meter-reading visit to her home, the civil service commission gave as its reason for his dismissal: "Discretion to the public and failure of good behavior."

Tale of the Tub. In Wolverhampton, England, Dr. Sidney C. Dyke blamed Britain's threatened water shortage on "the cult of the domestic bath," wrote to the *British Medical Journal*: "It is an obvious fallacy that frequent immersion in hot water has any hygienic value whatsoever. Its appeal is purely sensuous."

Homework. In Hemet, Calif., a schoolboy dropped into a stationery store, browsed around, sheepishly asked the clerk: "Have you got any blank report cards?"

Are You from Dixie? In Tampa, annoyed by being forced into street fights with strangers, Ohio-born Robert E. Lee complained to U.S. deputy marshals: "Every time I tell them my name down here, they knock me down. They think I'm being sacrilegious or something."

Land of Order. Near Opotiki, N.Z., after his house slipped 300 feet down a hill, indignant British Immigrant M.A. Emerson cried: "Things like this do not happen in England!"

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